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RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S

GUIDE TO

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DIRECT.

NARRATIVE, HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE.

WITH NOTES ON

CALIFORNIA AT LARGE.

BY JAS. W. STEELE.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHICAGO:
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1886.

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PRELIMINARY.

Perhaps there are few people who stop to think of the possibilities of travel in modern times, especially over some of the immense distances west of the Missouri. The luxury, the convenience, the swiftness, the certainty, and a certain colossal energy inherent in the whole, do not appear to the average man in anything like their true light, because all these things are dulled by custom. When we wish to go anywhere, we only incidentally think of the distance, because we know that no distances hinder us. We betake ourselves to the depot, after purchasing a ticket that can be procured in the remotest village, deposit ourselves and our belongings on board the proper car, and presently go to sleep in a luxurious bed, satisfied that we shall be found all right in the morning, with facilities for breakfast, but several hundred miles from our starting place. We do not take much trouble. Travel has become not alone or always a necessity, but often a recreation, and sometimes one of the harmless forms of dissipation. If anything happens to go wrong with the intricate and almost endless network of steel, which men have woven and miraculously control from sea to sea, and which it is one of the wonders of a wonderful age that they have made or control at all, we think strange of it as being out of the natural order of events.

Did the reader ever go to the depot on, say, a rainy night, and endeavor to consider the situation there as it

actually is? There is a long procession of oblong palaces, such as Solomon in all his glory never knew, whose wet and varnished sides shine richly in the lamplight, while through their windows may be seen everything that is in striking contrast to wet and darkness and discomfort. Each car stands upon trucks so comparatively narrow that it seems the top-heavy structure must certainly upset in a stiff breeze. Each wheel is held in its place upon the rails by a flange so narrow and so thin that it is absurd from any standpoint but that of long experience to suppose that it will stay on the slippery rail beyond the first sharp curve. The whole train weighs hundreds of tons, and, except from the habit of so regarding it, it does not seem possible that, freighted with human life, brilliantly lighted and deliciously warmed and ventilated, finished in plate-glass and mirrors and carved and polished woods, it is destined to glide through night and storm, and light and sunshine alike, at a rate that is swifter than the flight of a bird of passage, behind a gigantic power that is controlled more easily than your family horse.

You have your sleeping-car check safe in your vest, and you wait there a few minutes. People come hurrying from all points. You may possibly observe that all who have been too late to secure a berth in the lower shelf of the middle of the car, are apt to ask the conductor if there is not one that they can get, and also that the answer of that blue-coated and unruffled official is quite invariably a negative one. This, they knew, would be so beforehand: but we will not leave off a ceremony that is sanctioned by all the traditions of a railroading race. The ebony statue in uniform, who stands at the platform with a carpeted stool at his feet, despairs all the functions of the hack-man, and

does not utter a word, and will not lay hands upon you and try to push you into his vehicle. He knows you will get there, or, if you do not, that you have no right to consider yourself as pertaining to this age or country.

Finally, a quarter of a mile down the glittering line, a monster creeps stealthily up. You notice a phosphorescent gleam when an iron door is opened by one who seems a gnome, and the white heat of the furnace throws itself upon a curling cloud. There is an impatient sizzle, furtive and deafening explosions of the pop-valve, a head out of the cab window watching for the waving hand or the momentary arc of light from a swinging lantern. You hear a stroke upon some distant bell, a voice says, in a tone you have heard a thousand times without having particularly noticed it, something that sounds like "ah-ye-wore," and the colossal caravan glides noiselessly away in the darkness, and is gone like the dream that it is, or rather, like the embodiment of all the dreams that tormented the souls of the fathers of the world, of the power and progress that should come at last.

This is not a scene arranged for one occasion. It occurs every day, and in almost every corner of a wide country. It is nothing ; yet it is really very much like what has been attempted to be described. Some of those cars that you have seen depart are destined to cross climates and zones, and to bear all the hopes of their passengers to the ends of the world. In a few days they will come swinging back again, freighted with an assortment of humanity whose hopes lie in a precisely opposite direction from those of the first, with no soil of the journey upon them, and looking as though they had not been away at all.

The suggestion that prompted the writing of these follow-

ing pages, was a journey to Southern California. If it had been intended as a means for the special education of the writer, which it by no means was, it could not have served its purpose better. There was a yellow car that looked as though it should have had its place at the head of some crowded train, and be loaded to the ceiling with trunks, but which was, in fact, a perambulatory kitchen and commissary department, lined with zinc, and furnished with ranges, and having its wall decorated with saucepans and griddles. Behind it was a car that might have been mistaken for a Pullman sleeper, but was not, and had been dedicated, with all its rooms and carpets and chairs and tables, to the uses of the hardest-worked of all the reputed potentates of the world, the General Manager. It was in this that the journey was made. I started a decided ignoramus amid a company of experts who knew what they were doing to the extent of having spent from a dozen to twenty years each in the management of railroads. The return was signalized by the large accession of wisdom which may possibly be discovered in the following pages.

There is an opportunity presented here to offer a paragraph which has nothing to do, strictly speaking, with any journey to Southern California. Many a man who has his country's good more or less at heart has said to himself, and possibly to his neighbors, "Now, look at those people ; they will not ride in a train that they run for common folks, and they wish to put on bond-holder's airs, and be very exclusive." It might be nearer the truth to conclude that every general manager privately hates his private car. There is a stenographer or two aboard there, and the telegraph-wire beside the track is continually humming messages for him, which get into his hands mysteriously at al-

most every station. They are not messages of congratulation, or of special love and affection. They rather ask him what shall be done about some new diablerie that has arisen since he came away, and they request an immediate decision upon something that he had hoped would decide itself, or they declare the untimely hatching of some brood that has been incubating for so long that he had hoped they were all addled. There are boxes of documents and desks of papers. He is not traveling for his health, and this car is a perambulatory office in which there is a good deal of work done without the usual conveniences for doing it. He travels at unusual hours, and stops at places that the average traveler has not the slightest interest in. He must carry with him his kitchen or starve, and have his couch handy in the intervals of business or stay up. He puts in the time until eleven o'clock at night in the leisurely and elegant occupation of dictating letters and messages ; gets up early in the morning to see somebody who, as a rare case, is not looking for *him*, and starts his train out again at about six o'clock, sliding over the landscape at about forty-five miles an hour, stopping only at places where he has business, watching the ties and rails from the rear window as a part of his duty, and hurrying home again so as to be there to transact his part in a regular performance that he is painfully aware could not go on very well without him.

A long journey by rail is usually only a respectable species of solitary confinement to the great majority of travelers. There are only glimpses caught of the country during daylight, and he knows nothing of the history, traditions, or industries of the country he is traversing. He does not know what to look for; and all his information is usually obtained from what the publishers call a " *folder* "

in which the stations are named one after the other with a monotony that makes a traveler tired.

It has been imagined, that, with a guide book of any route chosen to a given place, that stated the greater portion of the facts without eulogy, statistics, or tabular statements, one might be enabled to pursue his journey with greater pleasure at the time, and with greater profit afterwards.

To cover these points this little volume has been written. The journey spoken of afforded the extraordinary facility of giving the route from the Missouri River to San Diego by daylight. Its object is Southern California ; a new country and a very old one, for some years past attracting great attention on account of its unlooked-for development and products, and its quite unequalled climate.

There are other routes than the one taken,—indeed, there are four or five others,—but the shortest, other things being equal, is the one whose features must be of most interest to the average traveler, to whom Southern California is the direct object ; and that route has been chosen whose continuous track leads directly to the shores of one of the most beautiful harbors of the world, and to the capital and centre of a climate whose bland changelessness is one of the wonders of meteorology.

From the Missouri River to Southern California is a long stride, and amply sufficient for the scope of a small volume ; while it may be added that the multiplicity of lines and routes of travel east of the river, all well known, precludes any possibility of stating their features of interest. This is a journey over mountain and plain, over desert, lava and rock, through a country that is as yet comparatively little known by the great majority of travelers, ending at last on the shores of that boundless waste of waters that to the Eastern man seems

the end of all things. Southern California is, as yet, an enigma to itself, and all of its future is by no means known. It is an Eden that has sprung up out of a soil that, during the process of making that California which the world knows most about, was considered an irredeemable desert. One can hardly believe, that, nestled amid those mountain ridges, lie gems of soil, climate, and high cultivation where summer is all the year, where roses and castor-beans alike take upon themselves the similitude of trees, and where the palms and pines of Japan, and curious fruits and flowers from across the sea, flourish better than at home. It is well worth talking about, for some other object than a desire to collect the commission on a sale of real-estate. You may thread miles of orange, fig, apricot, olive, peach and walnut trees, so dense that you cannot see out, or over, or even under them. Vines grow with a rank luxuriance that makes you wonder at what you have heretofore considered an arbor for the production of grapes; and lines of green cypress, twelve feet high and about a foot thick, hedge in plantations like a wall.

The trans-continental railway was the greatest commercial conception of modern times. Everybody remembers the driving of the golden spike into a rosewood tie, some years ago, and the attendant ceremonies and distinguished company. That was only for the first connection, and the enthusiasm has not been repeated. The fact of these long lines of railroad, the substitution of days for months, and luxury and ease for hardship, time and toil, has ceased to be a novelty.

But the multiplying of west-of-the-Missouri lines has resulted in bringing about what is the very opposite of a monopoly in trans-continental business. Every man chooses the route that suits him best, depending upon where he

wishes to go, and how far south or north his starting point is.

This Guide is intended for the use of such persons as wish to avail themselves of it, living as far south as Memphis, for instance, and as far north as Chicago, whose natural direction to Southern California would take them to Kansas City as a starting point, across what it is now customary to consider as The West. There are many thousands of these travelers annually, for Kansas City is one of the busiest and most thronged of all the centres of American travel. If you have never been there, you have a surprise before you at the beginning of your journey.



THE JOURNEY.

KANSAS

Kansas City was one of the towns that began in time, and established a union depot. No train enters or leaves the place from any other station. The gloomy spot that was Westport Landing a quarter of a century ago, has now a population of more than one hundred and fifty thousand, and is growing almost as fast as it is said to be. This is a depot at which a round dozen roads make up their trains : there is a cable street-car line, and all the bustle of an enormous business.

Every traveler sees this now celebrated depot at its best, if its best is when it is liveliest. Morning, evening, and about midnight, it is pandemonium, of a mild and rather pleasing type. There is a large crowd that is American in essentials, with a sprinkling of every nationality. Waiting rooms for both sexes are full. Counter restaurants are confronted by hungry rows of travelers, some of whom may be observed to wear overcoats, and others linen dusters, thus giving themselves away as to the direction from which they have come, and the climates natural to them. Vans of trunks, and barrows of express packages, are trundling in all directions. Newsboys are vociferous. There is an expression of resignation on the faces of some, at a necessary delay of thirty or forty minutes, and a frantic rushing around



Union Depot, Kansas City.

on the part of others. Long lines of cars stand waiting, so arranged as to be all visible and all accessible, and all labeled ; and into them the crowd is swiftly percolating itself. Policemen, specially uniformed, and armed with information instead of clubs, and whose business it chiefly is to direct and explain, are kept very busy. The trains are all headed east-west ; the one with its headlight toward the setting sun, the other back toward where you came from, and where, if wishes were tickets, many an one in this lonesome and bustling crowd would be. The scene will change daily. If you come here tomorrow you will see not one of these faces, and these peculiarly mixed garments. From this busy scene, in some respects the most remarkable in the world, they have scattered to the four winds, in most cases never to come here again. It is a daily gathering of that class whose great object is a home. At train-time the flood-gate is up, and the thousands who have of late years peopled that God-forsaken desert that now produces its hundreds of millions of bushels of corn and wheat every year, come streaming through the narrow gateway of the Union Depot at Kansas City.

You hear the names of roads and trains called in long-drawn tones : "Chicago, Rock-Island and Pacif-e-ek. All aboard for Chicago;" and this one silently slips away. "Union Pacif-e-e-k ;—for Denver and San Francisco;" and in three minutes there is another long, vacant slip under the shed. "Chicago and Alton," and another has slipped its moorings for Chicago and Saint Louis. "Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé,—All aboard for Kansas, Colorado and Southern Cal—" That is ours ; let us go.

We will suppose this to be about ten o'clock in the morning, and it may be that, or the same hour at night. You are

no sooner away from the shadows of the building than you are on historic ground. All the hills you see rolling away to the southward were not long since covered with wagon-corral, and glowing in the dusk with camp-fires. They were the camping-ground of the eastern terminus of that weird and lonesome road known in those days as the Santa Fé trail, the origin of the idea that built the Santa Fé Route. You are destined to follow it so closely that you can see the old track in mountain passes and prairie glades, hundreds of miles to the westward of this.

You are following the wooded valley of the Kansas, also called more anciently the Kaw, from the name of the tribe of Indians that not long since owned its banks.

LAWRENCE is reached at noon. It is a town embowered in trees, and a place of elegant homes, often referred to somewhat tritely as "the Athens of Kansas." The State university is here, an institution which has received especial care from many successive legislatures, and occupies the hill overlooking the town.

The only dam ever successfully made across the sandy Kaw is here, and the town therefrom derives considerable power for manufacturing purposes.

As a historic point, Lawrence is scarcely excelled by Lexington and Yorktown. Here was enacted one of the most cold-blooded tragedies of the late war, and one among the most sorrowful in American history. Early on the morning of August 21st, 1863, the band of guerillas under command of a renegade who went by the name of Quantrell, burned and sacked the town, killing almost indiscriminately persons of all ages and of both sexes, all defenseless and all non-combatants. The details of this massacre are the most atrocious known in history where savages were not the

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A Kansas Valley, about 1855.

attacking party. The whole number killed was one hundred and eighty, and the property destroyed was estimated to have been worth \$2,500,000. Long since recovered from this calamity, the town has now about ten thousand population, and, in the beauty of the country lying about it, in refinement, intelligence, and plentifullness of all the means of cultivated life, has few equals anywhere.

Long previous to the massacre alluded to, Lawrence had been the scene of armed disturbances. It was the centre and stronghold of the anti-slavery party from a time immediately after the passage of the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," in 1854. Lecompton, a few miles above, was the headquarters of the opposite party.

It is entirely safe to call all Eastern Kansas historic ground. It is not advancing a new idea to say that the great war was begun here. The rolling hills that stretch away on either side of the Kaw, were ridden over and camped upon for several years before the fall of Sumter.

Eleven miles west of Lawrence, and reached a few minutes after noon, is the village of LECOMPTON, the ancient capital of the Territory of Kansas under the pro-slavery organization; now a country hamlet, changed in its politics and all its aspects. Here, overgrown with vegetation, may still be seen the foundations of the building that only a change of political sentiment and the fortunes of war prevented from being the capitol building of a slave-holding community. There are also the remains of the old jail where the "Yankees" were confined when caught, upon the allegation of high political crimes and misdemeanors, and under a peculiar construction of the constitutional definition of "treason." Many of the old settlers of Kansas obtained here, in this old "Bastile," their most valuable

political capital, upon which they were rather disposed to do a banking business for years afterwards. There are various other objects of interest, now seldom thought of, and never visited. Reminiscence and association might have a rich field here; but it is a busy country, and the growing trees, the fields of tall corn and the creeping carpet of sod, seem to have conspired to obliterate all the past. New, rapidly growing, and full of energy, there is no county where there is less attention given to all the has beens and might have beens. The revolutionary war is practically no more a memory than are those recent times when it was a question whether Kansas should be a slave State or a free.

At nearly one o'clock TOPEKA is reached. Here is served the first dinner of the route, in the first of what seems, and probably is, the longest series of hotels in the country, whose cookery and attendance you will discover to be an especial feature of this route. The dining-car system has never been adopted, presumably from a conservative notion that it is pleasanter, on a long journey, for passengers to seat themselves at a table that does not move, and enjoy a dinner for which the old-fashioned twenty minutes has given place to a full half hour.

Very little of the actual city of Topeka can be seen from the depot. The extensive village in that neighborhood consists of the machine-shops, warehouses and storehouses of the company, and the comfortable dwellings of a small army of employés. The place, now containing some thirty-odd thousand people, was, when one of the most obscure villages of a very new country, conceived of as the starting-point of the Santa Fé Route. About the same time it was decided upon as the capital of the State. Both were



A Kansas Town About 1885.

dreams of the future, in a country which then had nothing but a future ; but, accompanied by many other curious things, they came true. From here the line extends to Atchison, also on the Missouri. The stem of the grotesque "Y," for the two arms of which this is the junction-point, will be found to extend almost indefinitely down to the southwestward. They call it "down" here, just as it is a custom of the country to call a man "Governor" for the remainder of his life, for the reason that he could never get to be governor. It is really up,—about eight thousand feet of steady climb before you get to the crest of the long slope which is one side of the Mississippi-Missouri Valley, at Raton tunnel.

Topeka is considered the political and social head-quarters of Kansas. So overgrown with trees is the place that it almost produces the impression of having been built in a piece of natural forest. Grass, of the thickest and greenest variety, is also everywhere ; while in summer-time, many of the streets are lined with a gigantic growth of that gorgeous yellow flower emblematic of aestheticism, though the stranger who stops over will find nothing else indicative of any devotion to that sentiment. The growth of trees and vegetation is a fact not remarkable, unless taken in connection with the other fact, that the soil where the town stands is of the hardest and yellowest variety of "hard-pan," and twenty years ago was not considered capable of sprouting a Carolina pea, and was covered with a short, wiry grass that looked quite like dead moss. This may answer for a hundred or more other places in Kansas, and is one of the curious things connected with that climatic change that has wrought a miracle over all the country lying west of the Missouri for five hundred miles, but which the reader will

not think of again until he reaches far western Kansas, and concludes at once that it is a country never meant to be lived in. It is merely interpolated here as a hint, that the same opinion was justly entertained of this, and of Nebraska as well, less than a quarter of a century ago.

The view in summer from the roof of any public building in Topeka is, excepting the San Gabriel Valley in California, as seen from the western slope of the Sierra Madre range, and the famed Valley of Mexico, the most beautiful pastoral landscape in this country, or, perhaps, in any country.

Having passed the Osage coal-fields,—a great find in its day, in a prairie country,—and the mining-villages of that region, and passed Burlingame (2.15 P. M.), a fair specimen of the average county seat of Eastern Kansas, we arrive at EMPORIA 3.45.

Why did they not call it Emporium, asks the gentleman whom one encounters on every through train. No one knows ; and it seems very pretty as it is, with its main street headed by an institution of learning, its homelike residences, and its general air of wealth. The question remains unanswered by everybody, especially after it is discovered that the terminal vowel is sounded, by those who should know best, like æ. Thus the brakeman, "Emporyee."

It often happens that the well-meaning and polite European excursionist is quite frequent on these western through trains. He has a general air of travel, and, after having "done" Europe as the most important, he is probably about to inform himself upon the geography of his own country. You may observe that very frequently his audience looks as though it would quite as willingly listen to a discourse upon something more closely relating to the present excursion.

As the remark has thus far not been made, and with a solemn promise not to repeat it with regard to any other locality, it may be said here that Emporia is the centre of what is perhaps the richest agricultural country in any of the western States. The valleys of the Neosho and the Cottonwood meet here, either of which may very well be compared, in richness, extent and actual products, with the Muskingum, the Scioto, the Mohawk, or the Connecticut. A few miles below, and near the junction of the two rivers, or "creeks," as they seem to be regarded here, is the largest body of natural timber in the State, though it is a fact forgotten in latter years.

Large bodies of timber have grown up during the last few years, largely natural growth, and due to the fact that destructive prairie fires no longer sweep the country.

Emporia is one of numerous junction-points on this line, and a branch runs southward to the lower tier of counties, doing its share in a tolerably successful endeavor to take it all in. A branch of the Missouri Pacific system also crosses here, running almost north and south.

Entering the valley of the Cottonwood, and passing the towns and stations which look entirely appropriate to a rich



and rapidly improving country, we arrive at Newton at about half-past six P. M., where it is expected that we shall again eat.

Did the reader ever hear of Newton? Look out over the pretty town, as civil a place as one would wish to see, enter the rather imposing railroad hotel, where a meal is served that can scarcely be excelled in Chicago, and is not certainly elsewhere west of the Missouri, and endeavor to remember what Newton was, about A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy-two. It was the then hardest community on this continent. They counted that day lost whose low descending sun saw no man killed, or other mischief done. There is a spot near, where they used to "plant" them in those days;—those distinguished ones who died with their boots on. Poker, and the dispensing and drinking of whiskey were the only occupations. It was slab-and-canvas, idleness, prostitution, vice, squalor, and general horror. It was the "western progress" ridiculed by the eastern press, and dwelt upon at great length in all its hideous phases. Look about you now, while the sun sets upon the fair scene, and you will see what western progress really is: a pretty town, innumerable farms lying on all sides, leagues of fruitful soil, happy homes, and a visible wealth that is growing so rapidly that there are almost no poor men.

This is half-past six in the afternoon. There is a long night before you, to be passed in the rumbling oblivion of the sleeping-car, in which, were it only daylight, there are some curious experiences to a stranger. Crossing the almost level plain between Newton and Hutchinson, the Valley of the Arkansas is entered at the latter place (8:12 P. M.), and thence westward for some three hundred miles the route lies mostly beside a stream that has been called

the Nile of America ; silent, lone, treeless, its sources for a long time untraced, and reaching the Mississippi a thousand miles from where we now see it in the midst of Kansas. It passes through two or three separate climates, and little more than a dozen years ago its banks were as uninhabited as those of any desert stream in an unknown corner of the world. The prairie-dog towns were built beside it, their outraged inhabitants seeming to hold daily indignation meetings, and barking querulous protests against other



Prairie Dogs.

diggers and delvers, the sound of escaping steam, and the unauthorized presence of two very lonesome lines of steel among the sedges.

The country was in those days crossed from south to north with innumerable paths cut deeply into the sod, where the bison had trailed himself in long lines and innumerable hosts from Texas to Manitoba, and back again, spring and autumn. The gray thief of the wilderness yelped the night-watches away, enamored of his own voice. Herds of antelopes appeared for a moment, and were gone like

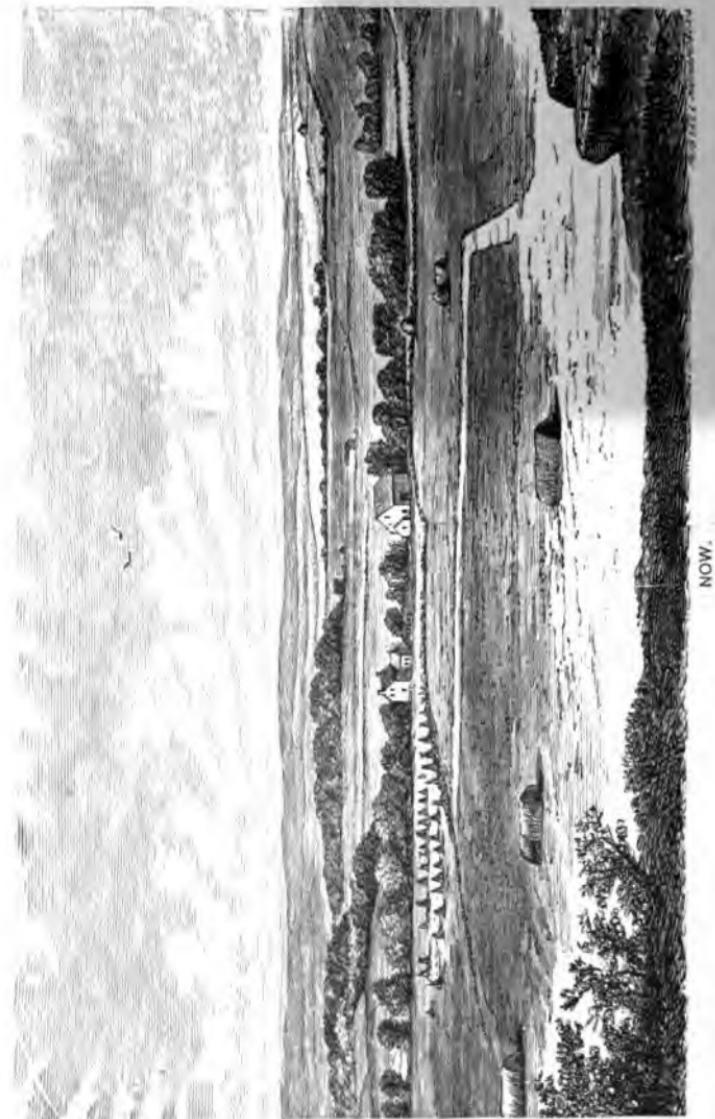


phantoms of the *mirage*, the gracefulest and nimblest of the denizens of silence and peace. Skulking bands of Apaches, dragging all their possessions upon lodge-poles that trailed behind lean ponies, and riding single-file along the hill-tops, added a touch of apprehension to a scene whose desolation was otherwise unbroken for thousands of square miles. A wind that never ceased or rested swept across the plain ; in summer, from the south, and bearing all the aridness of El Llano Estacado on its wings ; in winter, from the north, and laden with the breath of the Arctic zone. Grass, which was like greenish-brown moss, covered all like a carpet. There was no hope there; it was the Great American Desert.

If you could see this same picture now, and in the light of a summer noon, you would think the above the most uselessly extravagant sketch ever written.

In the morning there will be a fresher coolness in the air. Your car will seem to have an almost imperceptible slant upward at the forward end. There will be, perhaps, a faint balsamic odor, and vast blue shapes, tipped sometimes with white, will lie on the far horizon ; and you will see at hand, curious flat-topped hills that are called "*mesas*," from their resemblance to tables. You will have attained an altitude of about three thousand five hundred feet, and be in another zone ; for over all the south-western country, and to the heart of Mexico, elevations are zones as distinct as those marked by distance from the equator.

But you will have passed, and amid the desolation described, many thousands of acres of farming lands, dozens of growing towns, each with her "boom," young orchards and growing forest trees, some millions of spotted cattle, and the homes of more than a quarter of a million of prosperous and contented people.



All the wide country west of the Missouri presents, in one sense, an anomaly in human history. So far as all the past is concerned, everything has proceeded with a dignified slowness compatible with the gravity of the result. This country is full of people to whom it has been given to witness with their own eyes all the magnificent processes of the erection of an empire.

You yourself have caught but a glimpse. But it is enough to impress the unaccustomed man with a new idea of his country and its possibilities, and of the fact of how easy and rapid the processes of civilization may become with steam as a pioneer. Also a realization, more or less vivid, of the mistake of adopting the Chinese idea of a region, because it is not one's own Flowery Kingdom, elsewhere in an eastern State. It has been but a very brief time since people who had marched and camped over this region for years, and who knew all about it, knew and said that it could never be made fit for the residence of civilized men.





Sources of the Arkansas.

COLORADO.

At seven o'clock in the morning you find yourself at La Junta (*Lah Hoon-tah*), where it is confidently expected that an elevation of four thousand and sixty-one feet will have considerably sharpened your appetite for the breakfast which awaits you.

We are now five hundred and fifty-five miles from Kansas City. The mountains lie just over the hill, and Pike's Peak is almost north of us, and about ninety to a hundred miles away. The cottonwoods and gray stream you see are those of the head waters of the Arkansas, and this is our last glimpse of the stream we have been beside for twelve hours, and whose small beginnings, amid the melting snows, are still many a long mile away, twisting themselves, as cold as ice, through many a gorge and canyon, before they unite in the ashen current, upon whose banks you can say you have slept.

La Junta is not a romantic spot, and chiefly exists for railroad purposes, and as a junction point (the name means a joining, a junction, a reunion). Here, travelers for the Manitou resorts, and for Pueblo and Denver, have their cars shunted off to the northward, among the foothills of the Rockies, while those, who like ourselves will be content with nothing less than the Pacific coast, are trundled away to the south-westward, behind a monster called a "Mogul" engine, who has just backed himself up the track, and joined the procession with a snap.

Amid varying scenes, and upon a track that, owing to the

increasing difficulties of nature, may, without quoting any hymn, be called a devious way, we pass the forenoon. During that forenoon we are expected to climb something like three thousand feet. Magnificent glimpses of mountains are in front, and much rock, canyon, and pine on either hand. A rushing stream is occasionally passed, and plough-land is very scarce. What houses one sees are as different from those of yesterday as though we were in Palestine, the faces are brown and of a new cast, the garments are queer, and the language was born in Spain so long ago that they who use it do not know it.

About eleven o'clock we reach Trinidad (*tre-ne-dad*, with the stress on the last syllable instead of the first, and which is called, among the very religious people who originally named it, "La Trinidad,"—the Trinity).

The old town cannot be seen from the station, and the place is not recognizable to the man of fifteen years ago. It is Americanized. Asleep beside its brawling stream, it was, to ancient ideas, a very charming place after the endless plains and three or four months of camping. It is here that you really begin to climb. It is only twenty miles up to the Raton tunnel, and there are sixteen hundred and about fifty feet to climb in those twenty miles.

Raton tunnel is an elongated perforation through at least one of the back-bones of the continent; for this same back-bone, so often mentioned, is a rambling bit of geography, with branches several hundred miles apart. You come as near its exact location at this tunnel as you can at any one place in a journey that, it must be conceded, does certainly get over or around the vertebral column somewhere.

Immediately after Trinidad comes a coal-mining region.

This route has had great luck in striking coal-beds, most of them yielding a product of very fine quality. It has them in Kansas; extensive ones beyond La Junta; here, on the other side of the tunnel at Blossburg, and conveniently



Border Cattle.

strung along at intervals down to El Paso on the Mexican line. Considering the size of the engine, the frantic coughing and the clouds of smoke, you will conclude that it needs them just about here, especially.

About noon, and while the train is toiling up the steepest grade east of the tunnel, you will see a house standing down in a canyon to the right. There may be a bear-skin nailed to the outside wall to dry, as there sometimes is, but no further visible evidence of enterprise. This is the residence of the old-timer who kept the toll-gate of Raton Pass in the old times, and the canyon is the Pass. There is an old wagon-track there, as well as at other places on both sides of the mountain, and this is the historic "trail," over which has screeched many a cart laden with goods from Westport Landing, Lexington and Leavenworth. It seems worth while to try to think how slowly we seem to have come thus far, with our modern ideas of getting over the landscape, and then substitute for our twenty-six hours four months. Not four months of sitting on red mohair, either.

The first merchandise sent by this historic road came all the way from Kaskaskia, Illinois, in 1804, and from 1822 to 1856 it was almost continuous, and of greatly larger value than is generally supposed. In 1846 the value of the goods carried across the plains and mountains was \$1,752,250. The trade furnished employment to large numbers of people who became professional in it, and could fight Indians, find water and feed, and take all the chances of the wilderness, and make their round trips within a few hours of a given number of days.

For the El Paso trade there was one other road, shorter, and which did not cross the mountains here. It lay across the north-west corner of El Llano Estacado (El Yano Ais-tah-cah-do, the Staked Plain), and this was, perhaps, the dreariest of all the roads ever traveled for the sake of trade. To this day, the Staked Plain is largely unexplored.

Just at this point it is quite as well not to pay any attention

tion to the tunnel, which you will find not to be very picturesque in its interior, but go to the rear of the car and look. You will see rising up against the eastern sky a view that, on a sunny day, has often been declared worth the journey thus far : an almost unreal panorama of snowy mountains against a sky as blue as sapphire, with the ruggedness of the foreground lying between, while over all hangs a haze so thin and so ethereal that it gives to the momentary picture the semblance of a scene out of some gigantic fairy-land.



El Llano Estacado.

Raton tunnel is seven thousand six hundred and twenty-two feet above sea-level. It is nearly a mile through it, and it is highest in the middle. When you enter the darkness of the eastern end, you are in Colorado ; when you emerge into daylight in the course of a few minutes you are in New Mexico. There are interesting remains on the mountain-side that are now almost pre-historic, for they are the old grades of the daring "switch-back," by which trains were taken over the mountain while the tunnel was building. "Building" a tunnel is what engineers say, and we speak by the book. Considering the success of their operations in

this country, the decision of the technical question as to whether they were building or boring a hole in the ground ought to be conceded to them.

Upon emerging on the western side, you will see a water-tank perched like a pigeon-house in a cleft in the rock. There is no visible supply of water; neither a wind-mill or other power. By a slight mistake in the program of the conspiracy against railroads, which seems to have been organized in this region several thousand years ago, water from a spring somewhere in the mountain-top runs directly into this tank. If that little thing had been supposed to be capable of assisting any, there is no doubt it would have been omitted.

It is, as is usual in human affairs, hard to get up, and in this case is still harder to get down. There was an engine to pull and one to push in the ascent, and there is now one Titanic monster exercising his utmost endeavors in what an engine does not like to do,—holding back. The stalwart employé of a prudent corporation stands at the brake-wheel, with a stick in his hand strongly resembling a pick-handle. If the air-supply should fail from any cause, he would be found, to use a professional expression, "yankin'" that stick into the spokes, and contorting that circular piece of casting very vigorously.

Why should a gigantic crack in the face of the earth be called "mouse" pass? Nevertheless, that is what "Raton" means.



NEW MEXICO.

It is to us the newest of the new, yet is really among the eldest of the few old things we have to boast of.

It is, or was a few years ago, very foreign. There was not an idea in all the mountain realm that owed any kinship to our notions of life or of progress. It was the northern outpost of a Latin empire flourishing south of the thirty-second parallel, and the place you may refer to on the time-table, called "Wagon Mound," was the site of a frontier custom-house, whose collections were supposed to find their way into the national money-box, in the City of Mexico. With this empire was included California, most of Arizona, parts of Kansas and Colorado, and Texas.

The country is still full of nooks and corners, where eternal peace broods over the humblest and happiest homes in the United States. The people still largely use the cumbersome carts with wooden wheels, which it is against their religion ever to grease ; continue to live in houses built of mud bricks, and yet plough with sharpened sticks. But they are kindly, polite, hospitable, singularly intelligent for their circumstances, and hold fast to their sonorous tongue and their ceremonious religion with a pertinacity truly Latin.

It is the land of brilliant sunshine, mountain shadows, blue distances, thin air and general drouth. There is no dyspepsia, no malaria, no epidemic disease, and very little worrying about the condition of business, or the price of stocks, in New Mexico.

Ranches are now established in all the valleys, and tens of thousands of cattle graze upon the mountain slopes. Mines, and the general hope always attached to the mining interest, divert the minds of the greater portion of the foreign population,—for if it is possible to be a foreigner in one's own country, the average American is a foreigner here. The country undoubtedly has a future, as many thousands of acres of good land, now unused because it is imagined to be absolutely necessary to flood it with water, will in the course of a few years be brought under cultivation of some kind, and for the purposes to which it shall be found best suited.



Mexican Farmer.

We shall find, for the purposes of crossing it at least, that it is a pleasant land, full of charming glimpses of sky and mountain, and dotted with a sufficient population to keep it from seeming lonesome. It does not much matter to us what its resources and future may be: the landscape is ours.

RATON is the first town (1.35 p. m.—Dinner). It is entirely a modern place, like La Junta built mostly for railroad purposes, with its round-house, repair-shops, and dwellings for employés. Part of its importance, however, does not

appear upon the surface, as it is the centre of an extensive cattle region.

Just below is a little spur running to Blossburg,—another coal-mine. Still a short distance beyond, where the road is seen to be fenced on either side with barbed wire, is the extensive cattle-ranch of ex-senator Dorsey, of star-route fame. Another man not unknown to fame is rumored to be interested in the same ranch (when we get to California we shall spell this word "rancho"), Col. Robert Ingersoll. Sixty-six miles south of Raton a queerly shaped mountain bears the name of "Wagon-Mound," before referred to.

In the neighborhood of Watrous, a little station that owes its only importance to some pretty scenery, and to the fact of being the port of entry for the government post of Fort Union, some fourteen miles away, the train enters the wide, green plateau named by the Spaniards "Las Vegas,"—The Meadows. This plain continues, fenced by mountains on all sides, past the town of the same name, and until the Glorieta range of mountains is reached. One loses the idea of elevation here, and, by comparison with the surrounding wall of mountains, thinks himself near sea-level. It is all a mountain-top. This vast plain is six thousand three hundred and ninety-eight feet above tide-water.

Lahs-*Vay*-gahs is the pronunciation of this word, contrary to the custom of saying "Loss Vaygus." Glo-re-*a*-tah is in Spanish a word which may be construed to mean a pleasant place. It is often applied to arbors, latticed summer-houses, etc.

LAS VEGAS is reached at 6.45 p. m., and is the supper station. The old town is, as usual, considerably in the background, its peaceful days having gone with those of Trinidad and Albuquerque. One who desires to look for it,

must find New Mexico now hidden away in mountain valleys, and at a distance from the lines of travel.

There is a branch at Las Vegas, of course, but this time not to a coal-mine. Quite the contrary. Six miles up the Gallinas (Gal-ye-nas) River, which you may as well know is but a Hen-Creek in plain Spanish, are the celebrated hot springs. There are extensive bath-houses here, a hotel, and several cottages.

If you stop over here one train and go up to the springs meantime, you can cross the Glorieta range, and go up to Santa Fé, by daylight, catching this same train at Lamy tomorrow. But you will lose twenty-four hours by the operation. Whether any of this distinguished company do this or not, it will never answer to lie over with this narrative, which will answer you just as well tomorrow, and will be found necessary in any event. We will endeavor to catch a glimpse in print of what may not be seen distinctly by reason of having to leave Las Vegas after supper, and in the mountain twilight. Besides, in these regions as elsewhere, there is sometimes a moon, which answers quite as well amid surroundings so romantic. The scenery is not sublime, though it is a pity to call anything like it "pretty," as is usually done when the other term is not quite applicable.

It is about ten o'clock before the preliminaries of the Glorietas begin to appear. Off to the left is Starvation Peak, a flat-topped mass of granite so high and steep and bold that it is a very prominent figure fifty to a hundred miles away. There are always three gigantic crosses on the summit, except when, as sometimes happens, one or more of them has been blown down. They seem to be maintained there by the custom of the country, and in commemoration of the event from which the peak is said to derive its

not very attractive name. The legend has been related hundreds of times, never twice alike except by collusion, and, with all its variations and versions, is something like this :

There were once three hundred (or else three) Mexicans besieged on the top of this rock by Apaches (or else the Apaches were besieged there by the Mexicans), until they all perished by hunger. It occurred in the old times of the conquest of the country by the real, original, legitimate, imported Spaniards, who were thereby much reduced in spirit and number (or else it was only a few years ago, and within the memory of old men now living, who were present). In any event, the tragedy occurred. The reader may imagine that this is an attempt to discredit the facts of the case. On the contrary, it is only a condensation of the story as it has been heard at various times. Nothing would please the present writer more, under circumstances sufficiently convivial, than to make the story to suit himself, as generally is done where there is a train-load of tenderfeet. This is not that kind of a narrative. Whatever the facts are in detail, they have fastened a name upon the place, and were likely very worthy of commemoration. The proof is very evident ; anybody would starve who tried to stay an indefinite length of time on that rock.

We have traveled several hundred miles without traversing a forest of pines, or a forest of any kind. Here are the



An Original Imported Spaniard.

children of the mountain spreading away in thick undulations on either side of the rocky canyon which the train threads, puffing and coughing up a winding grade only a little less steep than that at Raton. Away to the north lie piled the tops of the range; in summer green, in winter green-and-white. The air is cool, even in midsummer, and at intervals there is a rushing stream. After the summit is reached, where the little hamlet of Glorieta stands listening to the pines whispering, and has nothing else to listen to, it becomes another case of holding back. Half way down is visible through the trees, and in the valley of the Pecos (Pay-cose), the venerable and massive ruin of a celebrated building known as "Old Pecos Church." When found by modern adventurers it had been roofless so long that there was no tradition as to when it was not so, but the adobe walls, six or eight feet thick, were still standing, and in a surprising state of preservation. The interior was strewn with cedar beams, most of them elaborately carved, all of which have long since been carried away.

This country has no history. You may guess at all the past. There is evidence that the Pueblos were here at least a thousand years before the Spaniards came, and that they then, as now, lived in towns, and in some cases large cities, and cultivated the soil. In 1536, Cabeza de Vaca (literally "Cow's Head," an aristocratic Spanish name) crossed the country here from east to west, evidently not knowing where he was. In 1539 came another, a priest named Niza (Neesah). In 1540 came Coronado ("The Crowned," also a family name), and everybody has heard of the expedition which penetrated almost if not quite to the Missouri River. In one of these expeditions the extensive settlement whose remains now are visible around this old church,

was discovered, and it was evidently built to convert the inhabitants to the Christian faith. The best guess that can be made designates the year 1540 as the time of its erection.

The ruins around it are more interesting than itself. They have mostly fallen down into long mounds of mingled earth and stones, but were evidently not houses built by



When Bruin Had It His Own Way.

Spaniards. There is not, so far as known, a single record, or even a tradition, that will enable the curious modern to so much as guess at the date of the disappearance of this community, or the cause of it.

It is evident that this region was once, and is measurably now, a fine field for hunting. Bears especially, had it not long since quite their own way. This curious plantigrade is, in the veracious narratives of the older generation of hunters, what the fox is in children's stories. Bruin lurks

APACHE CANYON



One of the Apache Canyons.

ough the Rocky moun-
tains regions. This is one
of them. That red devil
· in his prime, very
stout,

brown walls of the little building are standing. This evidence of a practical effort, made within half a century, is one that can be appreciated. It is a memento of the times that lately were, standing deserted beside the iron trail that has modernized all things.

Lamy, a station reached about midnight by this train, and in the afternoon by the following one, is the junction point for the ancient and still interesting capital of Santa Fé, eighteen miles northward, and, it may be added, upward. The road to Santa Fé, climbing among pinyon groves, and



Scene in Rio Grande Valley

with a vast mountain landscape on every hand, is one of the most enjoyable excursions possible.

You will be asleep, but it may be some consolation to you to know that before you awake you will have entered and passed the Rio Grande Valley, with its Pueblo capital of Ysleta (*Ees-lay-tah*), and an almost continuous procession of Mexican towns, such as Ortiz (*Ore-tees*, a family name), Los Cerillos (*Lose Se-reel-yose*, a wax taper, a candle), Rosario (*Ro-sah-ree-oh*, a rosary), Elota (a feminine name), Algodones (*Al-go-do-nais*, cotton; cotton grounds), Bernallillo (*Bern'l-eel-yo*, little Bernal, a boy's name), Alameda (*Ah-lah-may-dah*, a shaded walk).

You will not imagine—unless again reminded of the fact—that the great war could ever have reached this far. Perhaps the farthest ripple of it was the capture of Santa Fé by the confederates. A little distance north of the station for the old town of San Marcial (San-mar see-*a*l), was fought the short but bloody battle of Val Verde (Val-*Ver*day, a green vale).

At Albuquerque (*Ah*-boo-ker-kee, a family name), you will have arrived at the metropolis of the upper Rio Grande Valley. There is, as usual, an old town and a new; the old one being much the more interesting of the two. As, if you continue your journey, you cannot conveniently see either, it may be as well not to indulge in any reminiscences, of which there is full store. The Albuquerque of 1868 and the Albuquerque of the electric light are two very different places. To one who remembers sauntering these shady streets securely fastened to a sabre, some sixteen years ago, and who now is in danger of being defeated by the vagaries of a loaded baggage-truck, the difference would fill a book.

In the night watches, and while there is considerable racket going on outside in which you are in no way interested, you will feel them pushing you around, and making connections with you, and getting you in position for a new start to the westward and the sounding sea. When you awake in the morning it will be barely in time to breakfast at Coolidge, on the western border of New Mexico, and near the Arizona line, at about 8.30 A. M.

You will have passed in the night, besides the old towns named above, about two hundred and eighty-five miles of the wide, open country, which is a fit beginning for all the leagues to come.

ARIZONA.

We cross the line between New Mexico and Arizona at about eleven o'clock A. M., and find ourselves in a region compared to which all we have thus far passed is considerably advanced in civilization. Arizona is a region upon which sunrise of the coming time is just breaking ; a scene of wide pasture lands, vast mountain ranges filled with ores, lava beds that seem to have scorched a fiery course through the valleys in comparatively modern times, arid wastes, rushing streams, pine forests, awful gorges like that of the Grand Canyon, caves, petrified forests, rock-hewn cities ; and all brooded over by the monotony of a vastness that makes the eyes ache and all the senses tired.

It is also the residence, time immemorial, of savage tribes whose history is in most cases only recently guessed at, and who differ widely from each other in life, disposition and habit. In places like Laguna, soon after leaving Albuquerque, and still in New Mexico, the Pueblos are perched upon a sterile hill, finding sustenance apparently in some mysterious product of nature, while Navajoes and kindred tribes, all enemies to these shepherds and farmers who have gathered in spots that seem to be endeared to them by association, come down from their reservations to the stations and stare at the passing trains. The Moquis, far aloof, seem to have nothing to do with either their farming kindred or with the red men, while the white American, making his little ambitious town amid the solitudes of the desert, is the manifest heir of all.

Laguna. There is at Acoma, a canyon two or wide, the sides of which are almost perpendicular, which are descended by zig-zag paths. Three miles beyond this, where the canyon opens out into a valley, upon an elevated mass of rock standing isolated



Valley Scenes.

in, is the village, about three acres in extent. On one side the place is inaccessible, and at this

morial, have been surrounded by enemies, and who now cling to the place and the habit from association and love of home. They are absolutely independent of all mankind besides. They are the only successful communists.



A Pueblo, New Mexico.

Kindly remember, as you pass by on a hurried journey, that Arizona is about as large as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland combined. We are not going to see it, the human vision being limited here, as elsewhere, to a few miles. The Atlantic and Pacific railroad is but two lines of steel and a right of way across this

vast territory, and a thing hardly noticeable to a soaring bird amid the surrounding immensity.

It is the land of mountains. They begin almost at sea-level in the south-west, and, spreading themselves out in all



An Ora Settee.

directions, rise to a height of ten thousand feet. They lie sometimes in ranges, but generally in groups and spurs, and some of them, like the San Francisco range, rise out of a surrounding plain to a height of fourteen thousand feet.

They are apparently all bare, brown and scorched, but are really largely covered with timber and grass, and abounding in water. Some of those you are now looking at from the car-window appear to be gigantic monuments to perpetual desolation. But it is like looking at the moon. It is plain enough, but you cannot precisely tell what is there. In some cases, and more in certain groups than in others, there is a country, a climate, a flora, that, as compared to all you see below, form another and a delightful world. There are in some parts vast plateaux, lying at an elevation of five thousand feet or more, and out of which still rise lofty mountains, that are covered with fine grasses, and crossed by numerous water-courses. In some places these streams have cut deep gorges and canyons, and in others they have widened out into fertile valleys.

There will be times during today and tomorrow, when you will know, with a personal and private certainty which you do not propose any guide-book or the stories of any old settler shall cheat you of, that this gigantic panorama of plain, mountain and canyon, blazing with white sunlight, and uninhabited as the sea, is absolutely worthless for all the purposes of human occupancy. But it is too early by at least fifty years to say that, and in all probability you are mistaken. Here and there in various places the remains of the old Aztec or Toltec water-ways are still visible amid cactus and rock and sage. Under a higher civilization than Arizona will know again in many years to come, there were hundreds of thousands of acres of fruitful land. It was never, and will never be all so ; mountains are not tillable, but the soil is inhabitable and highly productive in many places that have long been abandoned to the coyote and the sage-hen, and are all the more desolate from having been once inhabited.

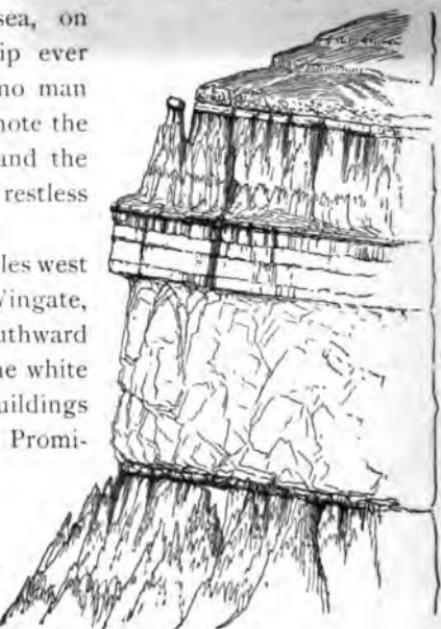
In the Salt River Valley, in the neighborhood of the town of Phoenix, there is a canal that furnishes more water than is furnished by all the canals in Southern California. It has been lately finished, and may be regarded as a revival of ancient times rather than a new thing. A hundred thousand acres have already been placed under cultivation by it, that was desert previously, and this is but a beginning.

In Arizona the great record of the primeval world lies open, with the story of the ages upon its pages. It was once a Paleozoic sea, on whose waters no ship ever sailed, whose shores no man ever trod. You will note the erosion of the cliffs, and the deep marks left by the restless waves.

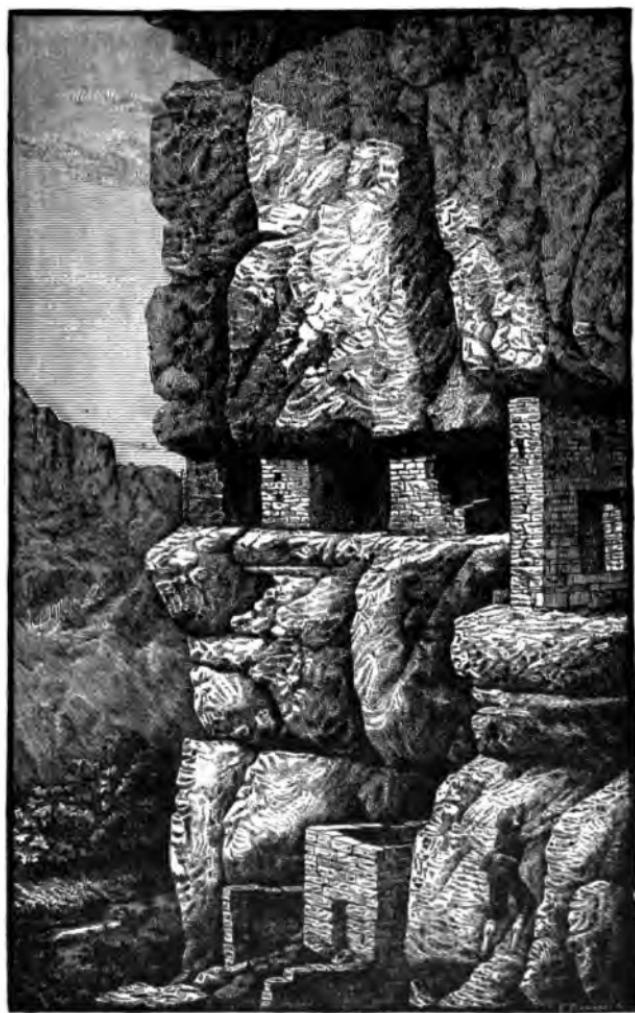
At the station ten miles west of Coolidge, called Wingate, you can see to the southward and ten miles away the white tents and brown buildings of Fort Wingate. Prominently in view, near the post, stands a mass of rock known as "Navajo Church," from its form and size.

Forty-five miles south of this point is Zuñi, already very fully described by Cushing and others.

Holbrook is reached at 1.30 P. M., and is the only



Water Worn Rocks.



The Cliff Dwellings, Arizona

opportunity presented for dinner. We are here one thousand one hundred and seventy-one miles west of Kansas City.

Sixty miles further west the train dashes over that hideous gash in nature called Canyon Diablo (Devil Canyon). It is two hundred and twenty-two feet in depth, and spanned by an iron bridge five hundred and forty feet long.

We now enter a fine country of pine forest, open glades and green grass, and at six o'clock reach Flagstaff, a place of large lumber interests, though as yet but a village. Eight miles south-east of here are the famous cliff-dwellings. They occupy the walls on both sides of an enormous canyon, and are extensive enough to have sheltered the population of a large city. The dwellings are built in a space between two strata of hard rock, where the softer portion had crumbled and fallen out. They are about half way between the top and bottom of the canyon. No one knows who occupied these dwellings, where they came from, whither they have gone, or how long ago. Enough of their relics have been found to indicate their habits and occupations; such as remains of woven fabrics, spindle-wheels, pottery, a sandal of yucca fibre, a cushion for bearing bundles on the head, timber that had been cut with a stone axe, etc. On the plains, not far off, are extensive remains of other dwellings. All the articles found are in use among the Pueblos now. This Pueblo, Aztec, Toltec, Mound-BUILDER, or whatever he is, is the most interesting human enigma now known; an unconcerned sphinx that nobody seems to be able even to intelligently guess at.

The scenery around Flagstaff is attractive. A drive that will soon be taken every season by many travelers is from Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, about forty miles. By this drive the canyon is accessible during the



Scene in the Grand Canyon.

summer, and one of the most magnificent of the freaks of nature becomes the object of a pic-nic excursion. Why the enterprise has not already been put upon a regular and convenient footing, so that visitors could be carried to the Canyon without any delay or uncertainty, it is difficult to say.

About eight miles south of the little station called Carrizo, lie the petrified or silicified trees. The space covered by this curious forest is about one thousand

acres. Every color found in nature or the arts is reproduced in these agatized tree-trunks. Those that measure five to ten feet in diameter lie about in profusion, and some are one hundred and fifty feet long. The wood represents when polished the colors of jasper, chalcedony, onyx, ruby, carbuncle, opal, amethyst, pigeon's blood, azurite, malachite, etc. They occur on a layer of sandstone, which rests on volcanic ash. The trees are principally exposed where the sandstone has been washed away.

There is a natural bridge, consisting of a solidified tree, spanning a canyon forty-five feet deep and sixty-four feet wide.

Wild as all this region is now, it bids fair to become intensely American in the course of time. In all these roadside villages everybody has an eye to business. Mines, cattle, country merchandise, even newspapers, are engrossing items. The curious geniuses the frontier produces are in these little villages as they were further east some twenty years ago. A humor alternately wicked and grotesque pervades almost all they do and say. At one station you will notice a saloon called in big letters "The Y. M. C. A."; meaning You May Call Again, or Young Men's Christian Association, whichever you please. There is a newspaper called the "Calico Print," and a mining district called the Calico district. There is, as everybody knows, a town called Contention, and another named Tombstone, and at the last is published a very good newspaper called the Tombstone "Epitaph." At Winslow, passed during the afternoon, a merchant announces in a handbill freely distributed, that he "is prepared to give the people of Winslow and vicinity the Damndest Bargain ever heard of in this part of the World." He further announces that he "Carries A Hell of an Assort-

GUIDE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Indian Village.

ment of Goods," and that "you can bet your Bottom Dollar he will treat you Square" if you come around with the intention of trading. All the same, there is no assurance in all this that this gentleman does not go to church if there be one, or that he is any worse than other men are. A great railroad penetrating the wilderness considerably to the east of here, once announced in its advertisements that what is "called" the "Garden of the Gods" really belonged to it; "there being no God to speak of west of Dodge City," —a piece of ribaldry that would have struck you more forcibly perhaps in the immediate neighborhood of the last named place at that time.



Arizona Belle.

We retire in Arizona, and are destined to breakfast in California. It is almost impossible

when darkness and silence have shut in the wilderness, to lie and listen to the ring of the wheel upon the rail, and not wonder at the boldness of modern enterprise in causing so incongruous a thing as a railroad train to dash across these primeval silences, and awake echoes that should have been for all time sacred to the memory of perished races and the sacredness of ante-diluvian shrines.

At 7.30 A. M. we reach "The Needles," at or very near the junction-point of Arizona, Nevada and California. This curious name arises from the appearance of some steep mountain peaks near the place. It is a breakfast station and a curious gathering of railroad buildings, little stores, railroad men, miners, and the original and unwashed Yuma Indians. Sometimes the wickiups of these stand in the swamp at or near the river on the eastern side, and the denizens of them may be seen as the train passes, before their morning toilets have been made. You will not miss them, however, as it will be a considerably colder day than they are accustomed to in that climate if a dozen or so of them are not on hand in the village when the train stops.



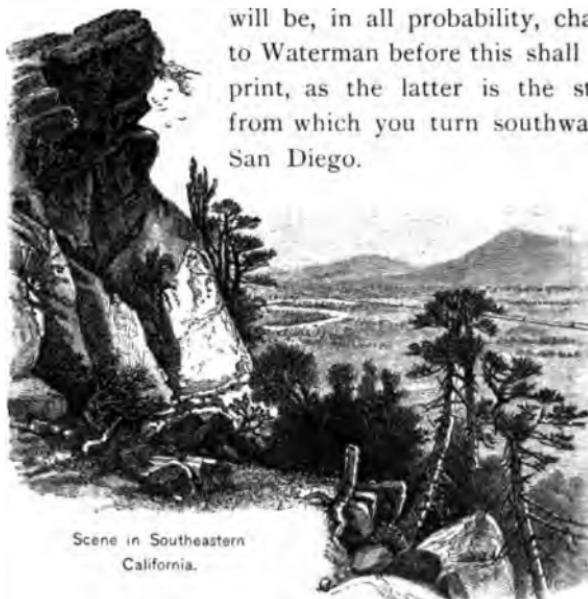
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

HISTORICAL.

The rugged gate of The Needles is a very unprepossessing entrance to the Golden State. We have before us now a long day of what is called the desert. By a peculiar dispensation of Providence, each trans-continental line crosses one or more of these, some better, some worse, and this undoubtedly the best and easiest of all. It is not necessary to believe that clouds of sand will drift with the wind, or that the heat has any stifling qualities. Many a journey between Saint Louis and Chicago has both more heat and more dust in it. It is simply about one hundred and fifty-eight miles (two hundred and forty to Mojave) of rock, cactus, sunshine, and absolute silence. Save where at intervals a little settlement has sprung up beside water, there seems to be no inhabitant of earth or air. The thickest of the stunted herbage is called sage, and, seeming to be always dead, it covers a soil that is not soil but concrete. The roadbed is one of the smoothest and most enduring ever made. The region oppresses while it interests you. Vast mountains lie all around. Gaunt cacti sway and nod in the breeze. Forests of yucca palm are encountered at intervals, some day all to be cut down and hauled away for the manufacture of paper. Occasionally a jackass rabbit lays his long ears down and makes a gray streak of himself as he departs to some locality where there are fewer mysterious rumblings and less smoke. The effect of the sunshine is something like that of the electric light ; shadows intensely

black, lights correspondingly brilliant. The scene is not wanting in its peculiar charm, but it lacks only sand and a string of camels, instead of the interior of a palace-car, to give you all that sense of solitude, that feeling of the danger of being lost, the pilgrim to Mecca has as he treads the lonely reaches of the Sahara.

Daggett, reached at 3.10 P. M., is the dining-station. This will be, in all probability, changed to Waterman before this shall be in print, as the latter is the station from which you turn southward to San Diego.



Scene in Southeastern
California.

Here our westward journey ends, one thousand six hundred and fifty-two miles from Kansas City.

If you are destined for San Francisco direct, you do not turn southward at Waterman, but continue the journey westward by way of Mojave, seventy-three miles further, and arrive at Oakland pier at 10.40 P. M. the following morning,—four days, precisely, from Kansas City.

The Sierra Madre (*See-er-rah Mad-ray*) mountains, a part

of which is also called the San Bernardino range, lies between you and the San Gabriel Valley, the entrance to which is through a canyon called Cajon (Cah-hone, "box") Pass, the southern outlet of which is a few miles north of the village of San Bernardino.

From Waterman to Colton the distance is eighty-four miles.

Near the end of this short ride all that is distinctive of Southern California opens to the traveler. Like a gigantic isothermal wall, the Sierra Madre range cuts off all there is of the characteristic northern changefulness, and the northern cold. Barrenness suddenly gives place to the beginnings of orange groves, and the signs that everywhere mark a new idea in agriculture. Where the Cajon Pass opens into the valley the object of your journey begins.

This country is new in the sense that it has only attracted attention and emigration during the last dozen years, or, in some portions, a little earlier. It is very old in the fact that it was the first locality occupied by the civilization of southern Europe on what is now American soil.

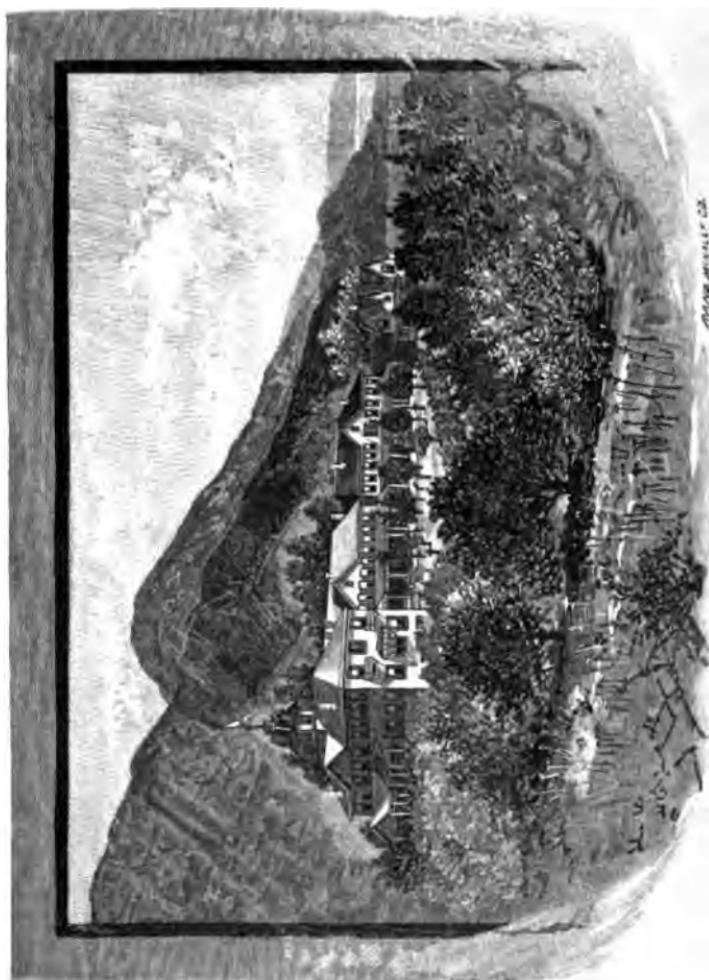
A brief glance at its history may not be uninteresting, though it be merely a look at those sleepy years when all the life of Southern California was made as much as possible like that of Spain, and beneath the smiles of a climate to which even that of Spain offers only a resemblance.

To begin at the beginning, the Bay of San Diego was discovered in the month of September, 1542 (December 21st, 1620, being the date of the landing of the Pilgrims), by a Portuguese in the service of Spain named Cabrillo (*Cab-reel-yo*, little goat, kid).

For fifty years no result followed this important find of the finest harbor but one on the Pacific coast. But

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Sierra Madre Villa.

during that interval Sir Francis Drake, whom the Spanish historians of those times with one consent denominate "a pirate," found his way into this bay, "and committed such atrocities," including the naming of the place "New Albion," that the then King of Spain, Philip II., gave orders to fortify it and other accessible places near the sea.

Vizciano (*Bis-ke-ah-no*,—a man from Biscay), came there for this purpose, arriving on November 10th, 1602. This was the first step taken in the actual occupancy of California by white men. The place was named San Diego,—it had to be San or Santa something,—which is the same as St. James, or James, whose name is and has been for hundreds of years the Spanish war-cry, and whose "day" is the 12th of November, the date of the survey of the bay by Vizciano. From that day what they called "alta" California, being now known to us by a precisely opposite designation, was considered by the Spaniards to be theirs, without boundary or limit east or north. As usual, they did not know what they had, either commercially or in a geographical sense.

But affairs moved very slowly in those days, and it was not until July 1st, 1769, a date which carries us along nearly to the time of our Revolutionary war, that one of the most remarkable men of those times, a Franciscan friar named Junipero Serra (*Hu-nip-a-ro Ser-rah*), with his companions, came to San Diego to establish a mission. It is very easy to say they came, but the details show that they had an awfully difficult time of it, and some who started never got there at all. As usual, the soldier and the priest came together, and camped upon a desolate shore to leave results that have not yet quite departed. This was therefore the spot where civilization was begun. It is also entitled to the

honor of being the initial point of the second and more available civilization which was to follow, for in 1846, Commodore Stockton entered the harbor with the frigate Congress, and proceeded to take in the curious earthworks now to be seen on the hill above Old Town, which since then have been called Fort Stockton. He did not build these works, as is often supposed.

Meantime, from August 6th, 1846, to the 2nd of December of the same year, had been passed by what we should



Old California Hacienda.

now consider a squad of men, but which then made up for lack of numbers by calling itself the "Army of the West," in marching from the banks of the Missouri to a pass upon what is now known as Warner's Ranch, in San Diego county. There they were met on December 6th by the Mexican force, and the bloody little battle of San Pascual (*Pasqual*) was fought. It was a victory for the "invaders," but it cost the lives of nineteen officers and men, only two of whom

were killed by firearms, the remainder having been lanced. They were buried together where they fell, as an account by one of the actors in the affair states, "under a willow near the field." If there is not a national cemetery in this remote corner of our dominion it would seem that there ought to be.

Among the little command who afterwards continued the march to San Diego and a junction with Stockton, were several persons who afterwards achieved more or less distinction. There was Beale, afterwards minister to Austria ; "Kit" Carson, a scout and a fighter to the day of his death ; and Lieutenant, afterwards General, Emory.

The Mission of San Diego was the mother of all the rest, of which there were afterwards many scattered over Alta California, and as far north as San Francisco. Fifty years after the establishment of this, there were twenty-one of them, and though in many cases they were fifty miles apart, their boundaries joined. In short, they occupied the land. In 1825, when the Spanish rule had already been broken in Mexico, and the missions were rapidly decaying, they owned 1,200,000 head of cattle, more than 100,000 horses, 12,000 to 15,000 mules, 100,000 head of sheep, and innumerable hogs. They had not less than one million dollars in coin and bullion, to say nothing of treasures in the form of gold and silver statues, crucifixes, and other church ornaments. They carried on a large and lucrative trade in foreign ships in hides, horns and tallow. For it was then, and would be now but for the fact that land is more valuable for other products, the finest cattle-country of which any knowledge exists. About 1820 this religio-commercial arrangement had reached the point of being the greatest agricultural or pastoral hierarchy the world has ever seen. The beginnings

had been purely missionary enterprises, entered into in peril and good faith. Surrounded by limitless sea and land, with every means at hand for unhindered accumulation, priest and alcalde had alike yielded to their surroundings. There were at that date twenty thousand "christianized," *i.e.*, enslaved, Indians in and about the missions, whose sole occupation was that of agricultural laborers and servants. They were under strict discipline, and were flogged and tortured into willingness. Besides these there were a hundred thousand wild Indians, to whose souls or bodies no attention was paid whatever. For half a century or more, the Spaniards who owned Southern California had every inducement to become the idlest, proudest, most independent and wealthy provincials on the face of the earth.

And they were. You may see the remains of it wherever you meet a son of the soil. Conversation with the elders of them will convince you of a vain regret that the old times did not stay, and that the change that ought to have made a millionaire of every holder of a grant, and that changed an unknown province into one of the great States of the Union, was a most unfortunate one for "us." These first families have a bearing that makes one privately smile, and, strangely enough after so long a time, retain about all the traditional Spanish moods, gaits, hauteur and arrogance. Sometimes there is an evident admixture of blood, though not often. The old Spaniard was not addicted to actual matrimony with his slaves.

But when the change began it came rapidly enough. Already in 1845, five thousand persons had crossed the plains into California, having made a journey a good deal longer and harder than that mentioned in these pages. It

will be recalled that Captain Donner and his party perished in a snow-storm in 1846. Already in October, 1842, Commodore Jones, imagining that there was a war between the United States and Mexico, or that if there was not



One of the Wild Ones.

there ought to be, captured the port of Monterey, the Spanish capital, and the next day gave it back again with apologies. However, in July, 1846, Commodore Stock-

ton took possession of it again, and it has not been returned or apologized for to this writing.

Life in "Alta California" (the Spaniards never got further north than San Francisco) in the old mission times is dimly indicated by the country and climate, which are the only features that remain unchanged. An air that is warm yet bracing and a sky that never frowns, no vicissitudes and terrors, no winter and no snow, were strong incentives to hundreds of leagues of pasture, to orange and olive trees, to huge adobe houses with thick walls, and big doors, and long porches, and sunny courts, to life on horseback and in the open air, to the dispensing of hospitality and the general enjoyment of easily-earned wealth. The Indians who had been enslaved in the name of piety were his. No Spaniard in California ever worked, no matter how poor. The consequence was that an aristocracy grew up here, the patent to which consisted only in being natives of California. They owned all the surroundings of a narrow and provincial magnificence. Their womenfolk were sprightly and handsome, frivolous and pious, after the manner of their great-great-grandmothers in Castile, whom they had never heard of.

They imagined they had all this sunny world to themselves, and were born and died in it, secure and content. They had forgotten Spain practically, and called themselves Mexicans only because it was necessary to be something. They cared not much for that far-away power, nor for any other. They never anticipated the destiny in store for them at the hands of the republic whose existence they only knew of from "around the Horn," and were at last very easily taken in, considering their occupancy and their resources. The country was full of cattle, but that "Army of the West,"

whose heroes lie at San Pascual, ate a good deal of mule-steak before they reached San Diego.

After the episode at Sutter's Mill, California filled very rapidly. The new era had begun. But the American occupation tended northward entirely. This remained, in the public estimation, pretty much all desert. A few years ago the results of agricultural experiments began to demonstrate the wisdom of the Spaniard's choice. Southern California is at present attracting more attention than any other country of equal size anywhere in our domain. It is the land of surprises, but its chiefest miracles are yet to be wrought.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

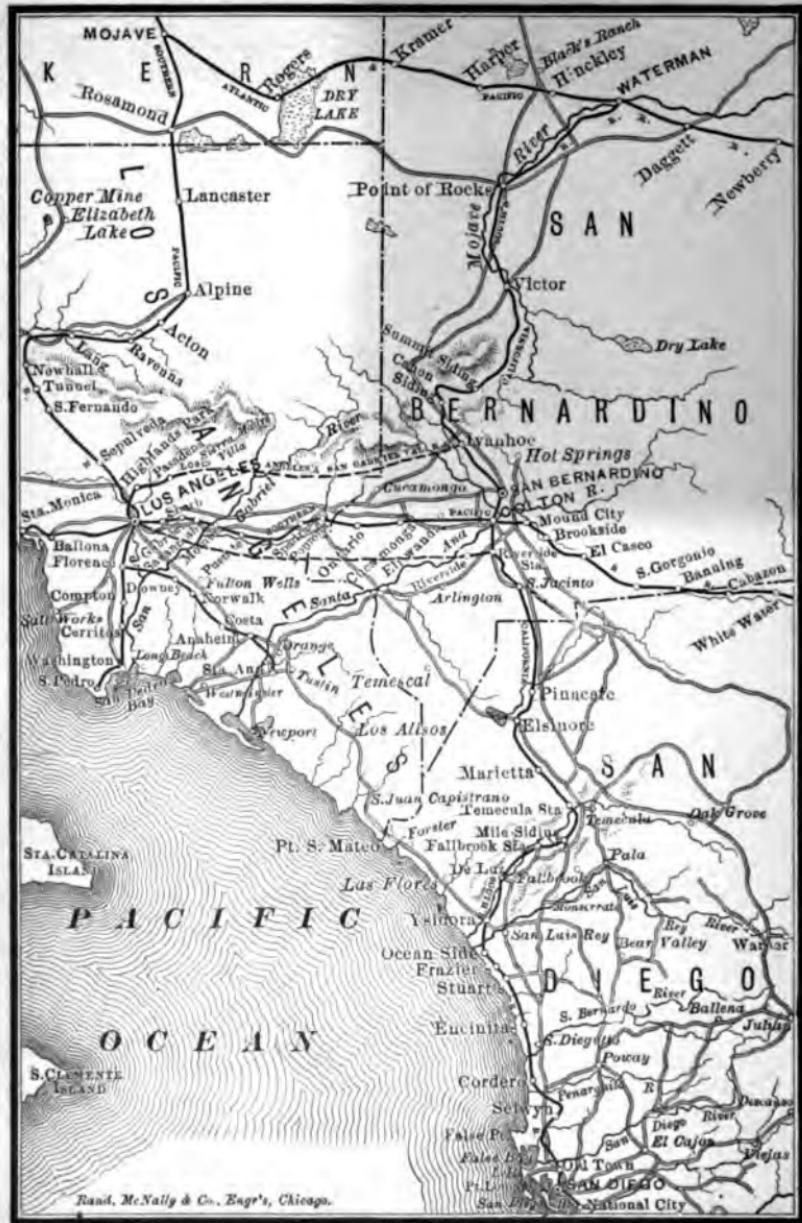
NOW.

Coming out at the southern end of Cajon Pass, we reach San Bernardino, in the huge county of the same name. West and east of it lies the wide extent of the San Gabriel (San Gah-bre-ale) Valley. The old mission and village of San Gabriel is seventy-five miles to the westward, and eight miles east of Los Angeles (locally pronounced *Lose Angle-es*; Span., Lahn *Anhelais*, or *Lose Anhelose*, accordingly as the angel spoken of is masculine or of the gentler sex), the largest and finest town of Southern California so far, and a place of considerable importance in the old days.

San Bernardino is four miles north of Colton, which is the crossing of the California Southern and the Southern Pacific roads. It lies near to the eastern end of the best part of the valley, and the stretch of country to the west of it, and as far as Los Angeles, is mostly fertile.

Colton is proclaimed to be an entirely modern place by its name, there being no prefix of sacredness attached to it, a very unusual thing in this valley. It has considerable local trade, and is on or near the Santa Ana river. Crossing the track of the Southern Pacific on our way southward, in about six miles we come to the station for RIVERSIDE.

The town itself lies about four miles from the main line, and a road is projected, or already building to it. No visitor to Southern California should be deterred from visiting this remarkable place, which stands as a model for all the possibilities of the country. It is a wonderful combination of



Rand, McNally & Co., Engrs., Chicago.

the results of climate, fertility, water and the application of human industry. Before you reach the town,—if that can be called a town where a luxuriant growth of orange, lime, olive, apricot, walnut and other fruit trees, combined with cypress, palm, and other ornamental growths, form so dense a mass on all sides that you cannot see under, over, or through them,—a wide canal bank full of swift and clear



Orange Orchard.

water attracts the eye. In former times it ran away into some canyon, and left all the country beside it what it seems to be without cultivation, a desert. You may drive through these dense avenues for a day or two, with a guide, of course, for it is as easy to get lost in the luxuriant maze as it would be in an entirely strange city, and you see this

stream of water everywhere. But it is a trained and most docile current, and is made to obey fairly and equitably all the behests of a fruit-laden and flower-garlanded community, and to meander over every man's orchard without flurry and without waste. The "town" contains some seven thousand acres of this kind of thing, and each block contains a house ; sometimes a cottage, sometimes an elegant mansion. The roads are called, and very justly, "avenues," and some of them are underrated by the name of streets.

It is a scene intensely interesting, not to say curious. It is as luxuriant as any nook in Hesperides, but it is not picturesque. Its beauty, notwithstanding it is largely composed of the richest fruits of any clime, is industrial. None of the vagaries of nature are permitted, and the tourist will conclude that it is the loveliest and most artificial spot on earth. There is not a dark patch on any tree. There is not a single, solitary, lone, despised weed in the whole place. There is a beautiful wide avenue that is lined on either hand for many miles with cypress, palm, and luxuriant ornamental growths, compared with which any Floridian imitation would be mere pretense, and which cannot be equalled, even on a small scale, in any green-house even so far north as San Francisco. But there is no sod. Every orange orchard is as clean and bare and brown as an onion bed in the Bermudas.

And it is not yet nearly finished. Where a single ravine breaks the surface through the middle of the town they are terracing it, and in a year or two there will be no waste place for variety, and there will be no garden in christendom that can equal Riverside.

The valley of the Santa Ana where Riverside stands has an elevation of something less than eight hundred feet. It is surrounded at greater or less distance by frowning, bare,

bald, brown mountains, that in winter are often white with snow, and stand in striking contrast with the brightness of this oasis of fruits and flowers nestled in their midst.

You would think it would be warm. On the contrary, Riverside is a summer resort, and a winter one too. The roof of the balcony around the pretty and clean Glenwood hotel is cut away in sections to let the sunshine in.

All the year through the wind sighs among the thick green leaves, all the year there is the babble of running water and the blooming of roses, while phenomenal grape-vines grow bigger and bigger, and the inhabitants forget even the traditions of that climate where nine in ten of them were born, and gradually grow to believe that the original Eden was located here, and almost say so.

From Riverside we take the train southward through the Coast Range to San Diego. We shall return this way to go to Los Angeles and the western end of the valley. It is more convenient to follow the original course of our journey to the coast, and to take the localities southward as they come.

It is about eighty miles from Colton to San Diego, the crookedness of the track being added to this distance. For two or three hours out of the valley it is a steady climb, up to the Temecula canyon, through which we cross the Coast Range. We begin now to encounter a queer mixture of American, Spanish and English names, possibly with a slight sprinkling of Indian. Nobody seems to know the significance of most of them. However, Pinicate (Pee-nah-*ah*-te), a name at the top of the grade, means "little pines." Do not do likewise if you hear anybody saying Pinny-kate. In fine, if you wish to return to your native heath with all the particularities of the geography of Southern California by the rim, as it were, remember that in Spanish and Indian words



A Nook in the Canyon.

every syllable is pronounced, and every two or more letters make a syllable. For this lesson there is no extra charge.

It is nearly or quite twenty-five miles through Temecula canyon. But there are no tunnels, nor anything to interfere with your enjoyment of a charming piece of mountain scenery. You will observe that vegetation the world over has a language of its own, and that between this and that growing north of the Sierra Madre there is a great contrast. Live oaks, trees of beautiful foliage and form, begin to be common, and shrubs of the laurel family appear in groups and copses.

Just beyond Pinate you are surprised at the appearance of a sheet of water beside the track, and seeming to be of considerable extent. It is, however, not a strikingly romantic spot, and you cannot quite assure yourself that it does not go dry, though it does not, according to report. Here is what they call Elsinore, of which it is proposed to make a mountain metropolis. The Spanish name for this beautiful sheet of water, with a saint as a prefix, had been mislaid when the present settlers arrived.

Every niche in the rocks, every rocky corner of a canyon, takes upon itself as nearly as possible the semblance of Eden,—after the fall, of course. After the gorge begins to widen, becoming thereafter Santa Margarita canyon, you come upon the little station of Fall Brook. The exigencies of a through time-card may have since deprived it of that distinction, but it was a dining-station. It is a little three-cornered plateau, filled with fruit-trees and vines, and presided over by three young women, who also seem, between meals, to manage a telegraph instrument.

The village and settlement of Fall Brook lies back of this some three or four miles:

It may be well to insert here a remark of which Fall Brook is a text. In all mountain countries, and especially in this region, one cannot tell what kind of country may lie behind an intervening ridge. The country is made up of ridges and corresponding valleys. As a rule all the higher points are agriculturally almost useless, and all the valleys more or less fruitful, sometimes to the degree that Riverside and others are. Between these two extremes lie what are called the mesa (may-sah) lands, upon which the future of Southern California largely depends. The original idea that irrigation is absolutely necessary to success in all crops, has largely given way under experience and experiment. Of these successful experiments there are hundreds in San Diego county. You may see some of them beside the track before you reach the bay.

A few miles south of Fall Brook station you enter a scene that brings strongly to mind the old California days. The canyon has opened into a valley, and beside the track lies the Rancho of Santa Margarita de las Flores (Saint Margaret of the Flowers). There is a very substantial barbed wire fence, which is a terrible innovation, but inside of this, and lounging and ruminating in groups in dells and canyons, are large numbers of wonderfully sleek and comfortable cattle. They are not of the shank-and-horn variety, either.

To the left lie the rancho buildings, old, shady, beside a running stream, and giving every evidence of old-fashioned comfort and independence. I do not know how many thousand acres are included in this princely inheritance, but there are enough to satisfy any man who does not want the earth. The place at present belongs to one of the California millionaires, who does not need it.

If for some hours you have been observing a change

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A Mountain Valley.

in the character of the surrounding ozone, it is not a matter of surprise. It is the breath of the sea, and very soon it breaks upon you,—the endless leagues of the Pacific, perhaps idly basking in the sunshine as placid as a pond, perhaps breaking upon the low rocks of the shore with a roar that can be heard far up the valley.

From the mouth of Santa Margarita Valley to San Diego, some twenty-five miles, the track lies beside the sea. There are some Titanic slices from the sides of hills, where curious strata of round stones lie between layers of rock. In two or three places there are dykes across inlets, of the same material, and so straight and so evenly laid that at first you are sure they were placed there by the hand of man, instead of by wind and tide and torrent.

We pass the old missions of San Luis Rey (St. Louis the King) and San Juan Capistrano (provincial Spanish ; as nearly as anything, St. John the Chanter). The first of these is not far from the track ; the last named is a few miles to the northward.

Oceanside is a new beginning, facing a long stretch of sand-beach and rollers. It is designed to be one of the watering-places of the future, and the dream is by no means an impossible one. It is chiefly interesting at present as showing from the car-windows a remarkable growth of young trees and vines without irrigation. This at present very small matter is one of great interest in the near future, as has been mentioned on a preceding page.

Indeed, all vegetation on this sea-bluff is somewhat surprising to the stranger who is impressed with the idea that nothing can be grown in the country without irrigation. Some of it is entirely new to a tourist from the States, being composed of tiny plants growing in clumps and matted

beds. Most of them upon closer inspection are found to be beautiful little things. There are acres of dew, or ice-plant, its leaves covered with minute globules of clear liquid, bearing a brilliant red flower, and afterwards a fruit which looks something like a large green currant.

The "sage," of which two or three varieties are on all the hills, is the bee-feed of the country, out of which, in some instances, fortunes have been made. Clinging to a name which is dear to the Californian heart, and which is one of the legacies of the Spanish occupancy, they call the nooks and corners that are devoted to the raising of this curious cattle "bee-ranches."

As the sun sinks low in the west, a scene suddenly presents itself that carries one back about a century. It is the old town of San Diego. Standing east of the track a quarter of a mile or so, it looks ancient, quiet and somewhat shabby. An occasional tile roof, and some long, low, rambling porches, are strong reminders of the times when all that now is was undreamed of, and the only communication with the outer world was when at long intervals some Boston vessel swung slowly to her anchor in the shining harbor, and her boats filled with sailors who had rounded the Horn came ashore to fill up on the beverages of the country, and to take off hides.

Some little brown-faced boys are very apt to run out and cling to the hinder end of the train. With the precocity of the youth of every age and country, they have not neglected to "catch on" to this amusement. An occasional accident will attest in time that they are not exceptions to a rule that will work both ways, and their friends will be left to console themselves with the reflection that they, like the rest of their countrymen, are victims of the new civilization.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

SAN DIEGO.

As a coast town possessing many natural advantages which in the course of time are destined to be utilized, and as the capital and centre of the most unique and extraordinary climate of the world, San Diego is given a chapter for itself. The town here spoken of and which is meant whenever the name is used by any one, dates only from 1867, and was the conception of a man still living there, Mr. A. E. Horton. San Diego proper is the old place mentioned above. That place is a hundred years old, and a nest of reminiscences and memories.

Previous to the date mentioned, the site of the present pretty town was a sage-grown sheep-pasture. Mr. Horton purchased it at something less than fifty cents per acre. Within three years thereafter there was a population of about three thousand, which would be doing very well even for an average Kansas "city." About that time the project of a Southern Pacific railroad was revived, and San Diego was to be the western terminus. In 1872 the late Mr. Thomas A. Scott, accompanied by several distinguished financiers, paid the young place a visit. This visit, and the assurances then given, rendered this railroad project a certainty in the minds of everybody interested, and San Diego retired that memorable night an assured rival of San Francisco, and for some time thereafter the citizens were engaged in the industry of acquiring all the real estate possible. But, in the vernacular, the thing did not "pan

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Beach at San Diego.

out." The railway was not built according to the declared intentions of Mr. Scott, and with remarkable pertinacity in a good cause, the citizens sat down in their sunshine, and held on to their acquirements, to wait for the next boom. The stranger need not be surprised if he finds an unusually large number of the citizens engaged in the real-estate business, and at prices that give the stranger pause. For in this matter, Scott's visit was in the nature of a self-registering thermometer, that has got itself stuck fast at an altitude considerably higher than the latitude and the general habits of weather seem to warrant.

The first occupation of a stranger in any part of the world is to be interested. But while San Diego does not lack historical interest, the citizens do not seem to know or care greatly about that part of it, and are not interested in old times. What they especially want is new times, and they are not to be criticised for a very apparent desire to be continually shunting you off on to that subject. It is destined to become one of the great health-resorts of this country, and the attempt to introduce such historical facts of interest as were attainable in this chapter, is for the purpose of saving the transient visitor the trouble of local enquiry, with the annoyance of looking for sources of information not always at hand, and of possible misinformation, not intended, but inevitable in any part of the world. What nine strangers in ten desire to do, is to enjoy a climate the most delicious in the world, to rest, to loaf, if that term more accurately describes it, to find out all the places of interest that are accessible without too much trouble, and finally, if the inducements of the place or the locality impress them, as they inevitably will in hundreds of cases, to investigate with a view to investment. In the

majority of cases, as is perfectly natural and as he intended in the beginning, the visitor goes away again with the intention of returning when leisure permits or health demands, having thoroughly enjoyed himself, but wondering what there was in his personal appearance that should have induced so many of his fellow creatures to imagine that he had a private intention of purchasing the place.

As a place of beginning, interest largely centres in the Old Town. Here, or near here, is where the Franciscan padre landed when he came to undertake the gigantic task of converting Indians. Near where you stand is the spot, only less historic than Plymouth Rock, where the first civilization of the western coast of our country was begun. The bluffs were then black with multitudes of Indians, watching the advent of the friends of humanity who were destined to make their bones ache for their souls' good, but who are now gone where the woodbine twines around the unknown grave of a departed race. But it is very strongly indicated that these were not like the Indians we now know, nor resembling those of the Atlantic coast, upon whom Penn and the Pilgrims exercised their blandishments ; blandishments that in the one case took the form of a one-sided swap, and the other of shoot-on-sight. Those would not in all probability have permitted the peculiar history of the California missions to have ever begun.

Above the Old Town and the sand-flat there is a hill, and upon the lower point of this hill there is an adobe wall,—now but an elongated heap of earth. This was the Presidio, the barracks, the enclosure within which during a portion of those early times everybody lived. In looking at it now, you must remember that it was in all probability then armed with one or two long, old-fashioned bronze smooth-bores,

which at that date were fine pieces of ordnance; that the few soldiers wore still upon their persons some of the stiff remains of armor, and were not all armed even with a musket that had to be touched off. The brown old mounds recall a time when young America was raising a row with her maternal parent about stamp-acts, tea-duties, etc. One may go still further back if one wishes, to the days of 1602 and the Little Goat, when the whole scene was mediæval and antique, and these shores saw the pomp of helmet, breastplate, arquebuse, a banner hung by a cross-stick like a Sunday-school standard, and a commanding officer in opera bouffe tights, with a long red mantle hanging from his shoulders that was gorgeously lined at the edges with white fur. And immediately following that scene one may recall the English "pirate," when a high old three-decker, with a breast on her like the top of a hill, poked her nose around point Loma, and Sir Francis Drake came ashore and christened the whole country that was under the sacred banner of Spain, New Albion, forsooth.

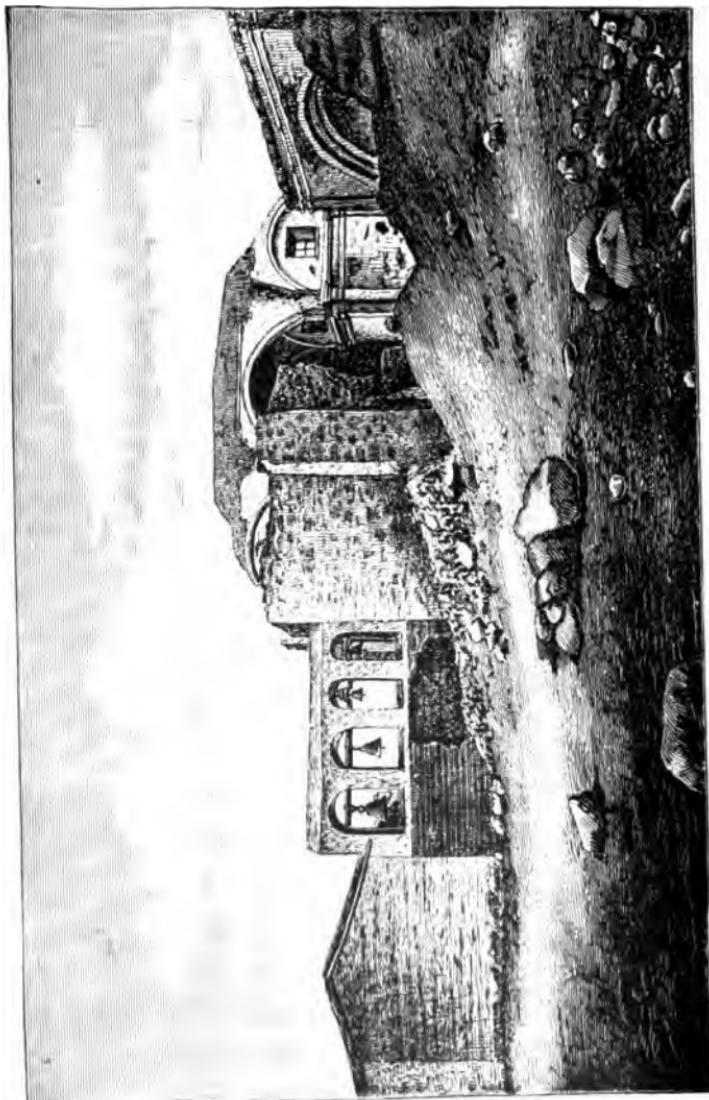
Still above this ruin is another, very much resembling the old earthworks now scattered throughout the southern States as mementoes of a time when the Saxon power had grown to be something very unlike what it was in the times just alluded to. Its shape induces you to think that it was not made by a professional military engineer of these times, but it was undoubtedly quite a defense against any reasonable force, and is now in so fair a state of preservation, that it would be very difficult of capture with a band of determined men behind its grass-grown escarpments. It is "Fort Stockton," and was originally constructed in 1840, but never knew Stockton until he captured and occupied it as a defensive measure, pending the arrival

of the "Army of the West," about that time hunting for Mexicans in the neighborhood of San Pascual.

Under the ruin first mentioned is a small tunnel passing beneath the hill. The mouth of it is in good repair and readily seen from the roadside. The use of it does not seem to be known. There was a similar one at the old Mission, leading into a covered well.

Six miles out in the Mission valley, the old Mission stands in a state of ruin. This establishment had an auditorium that would accommodate fifteen hundred people while they listened to the gospel, and which was flanked by cloisters for a large number of priests, kitchens, halls, refectories, and all the appurtenances of an extensive religio-stock-raising establishment. There was a large area of cultivated land, an extensive orchard of all the fruits, and an abundance of the good things of life generally. There yet remain some three hundred old olive trees, from which the first cuttings of all the orchards in California originally came, some two or three palms, the remains of the old church, and some remains of adobe wall.

The fathers at this mission owned about sixty thousand acres of land, of which the establishment has left now only twenty-two acres, and even that they do not need for any visible purpose. They had also, eighty-five years ago, six thousand head of cattle, the same number of sheep, nearly one thousand horses, and over fifteen hundred Indian "dependants;" *i.e.*, slaves. They raised three thousand bushels of wheat, and two thousand bushels of barley, per year. Less than thirty years afterwards they had increased to about ten thousand head of cattle, eighteen thousand head of sheep, and nearly one thousand two hundred head of horses. They were thrifty, but very soon after this, under



Ruins of Mission, Southern California.

providential oversight, they began to decline. The expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico, in 1821, strangely affected the religious interests of this distant province. The reason they were affected while nothing else ever had been, was because the Mexican government concluded to take in the mission property, and include it among its available assets. In a short time their wealth was secularized by law, and this and all the missions died suddenly.

But it is pleasant to think of their blooming prosperity while they lived. Their managers put almost as much brains and industry into their business as would now command a remunerative salary in the railroad business. The fathers of San Diego brought an additional supply of water to their fields ten miles by an aqueduct, and to get a head for it they built a dam of solid masonry two hundred and twenty-four feet long and twelve feet thick. This dam still stands, on the Cajon rancho, fourteen feet above the surface of the ground.

They had their vicissitudes too. A few days after the mission was established an Indian insurrection occurred which required some hard fighting before it was subdued. In 1774 there was another uprising, in the night, and as there were then seventy Indian rancherias (villages) in the immediate neighborhood, more than a thousand natives joined in the attack, and made it warm for the fathers to the extent of burning the mission buildings and all they contained. Yet in a brief time everything was going on as usual.

It was the valor of desperation. This was a solitary oasis of hope, with the vastness of the ocean on one hand, and the width of an unknown continent on the other. Savages swarmed among the hills, and there was no base

of supplies, no communication with one's relatives, no anything outside of these adobe walls. But now, notwithstanding their great success, at least from a pecuniary standpoint, it is just the same as if they had never been. All the features of the Spanish dominion on this side the sea are a curious historical study. It has gone as it came, and left nothing to be proud of. About all the Indians are gone too, until there are but a few left as specimens for tourists



Indian Camp near San Diego

to speculate upon. *Adios, converted aborigine! Vayan con Dios, padres Franciscanos!*

The harbor of San Diego is undoubtedly the finest between Callao and Puget Sound, with the exception of that of San Francisco, and it is practically as good as the latter. The high land on the north side protects it from that awful dry storm of the Pacific that Dana tells of. It is almost land-locked, and the curious dykes made by the sea across

all openings but one, are a curious feature that seems almost an intention in the interests of commerce. From almost all points of the bay one can look out over the low walls upon the endless Pacific, yet be practically secure from every wind that blows.

The Mexican boundary-line, marked by a monument often visited, is only a few miles to the southward. One of the minor shrewdnesses of the treaty of the Guadalupe Hidalgo was to place our boundary-line south of San Diego. Harbors are as scarce on the Pacific coast as good society was in the days of the early missionaries. In the prudent forethought that governs national affairs, there is no telling when we may need its narrow entrance and land-locked refuge.

The town is pretty, and a little improvement, inevitable in the course of a brief time, will make it a most delightful place. The houses are strictly homes, some of them ideal ones. The facilities offered by the climate for beautifying grounds are extraordinary. The most delicate and beautiful exotics grow here almost without care. Japanese pines, curiously reminding one of the fan-pictures of those curious artists, and other imported trans-Pacific evergreens, thrive in dooryards. The Monterey cypress, cut into fantastic shapes or trimmed into evergreen walls, comes quickly and stays forever. The delicate ever-blooming roses that with us require tender care to make them delicate shrubs, here display a strong desire to clamber over the family roof-tree. Geraniums and verbenas have a stem as thick and wooden as a forest shrub, and those now eight or ten feet high seem not to have ceased to grow. All the delicate nurslings of warm air and glass, thrive here the whole year through in the open air.

As to climate, the uniformity of it is something remarkable. All of Southern California, delightful as it is comparatively, is not like it. San Diego is considered a good place to go to for rest and change by the people whose country is to us all a health resort.

It does not rain much on the shore of the bay or very near it. An occasional shower during what they speak of as "winter" from force of habit, is all there is of it. The reason of this is that the mountains back of the town, like



A Southern California "Storm."

other mountains in other places, milk the clouds. It is on the mesas and in the valleys twenty or thirty miles away that the rainfall actually is. There are no street crossings here to speak of, and not always a sidewalk. They are not necessities. The soil is sandy, and always dry under foot. Showers, when they come, simply sprinkle a dry layer of surface. It is amusing to note the occasional statement of a San Diego newspaper that there has been a storm. You were out in it, and, except that you thought it might possibly rain a little, you had not noticed it.

San Diego is in latitude 32 degrees 41 minutes. Many people are not satisfied with anything short of absolute figures except at the end of the month, when it becomes a mixed question. In climatic affairs they do not express any sensation, but only facts that in many cases mislead. But here are some :

In New York City the mean temperature for January is 31 degrees; in New Orleans it is 55 degrees; in Boston it is 26 degrees; in San Francisco it is 48 degrees; in Los Angeles, near at hand, it is 55 degrees, or the same as in New Orleans; In San Augustine, Fla., it is 59 degrees; but in San Diego it is 57 degrees. This is fair weather for January, especially to people who have been accustomed to a temperature like that at St. Paul, where its average for the same month is 10 degrees, or even that of Chicago, where it is 28 degrees.

This is winter. One naturally expects the retribution of the gods during the opposite season. But in the case of San Diego it is evidently reserved. August, in New York City, shows a maximum of 87 degrees; Jacksonville, Fla., of 96 degrees; San Antonio, Texas, of 101 degrees; Denver, high up amid the Colorado mountain resorts, of 94 degrees, while even Los Angeles has a showing of 99 degrees.

San Diego, during this month, has a maximum of 83 degrees, and a minimum of 62 degrees. In June, if you are ever in the place at that season, you will see the curious hyperboreans who come here, sitting on the sunny side of a building during the whole of a Sunday forenoon.

You may frequently see in your walks large pieces of beef hung up in the open air, the owner not seeming to care what becomes of it as to freshness. It simply cures without change otherwise. While the same is true of many places in the west, it is not a common phenomenon at or near sea-level.

There are some places to visit, among them: Old Town; the ruins of the old times, Fort Stockton, etc.

The Mission, already described



Boundary Line Monument, San Diego.

The boundary-line monument, fifteen miles out by the road. It is near the open sea, and a good place for pic-nic excursions, etc.

Mussel-beds Beach, eight miles out. Rolling surf and

good sand, and if desired a diversion similar to the down-east clam-bake.

The long beach across the bay, where the open Pacific breaks in rollers from Point Loma a long distance southward. It is not known at present where one will find a good sea-bathing place at all seasons of the year equal to this. The conveniences for getting to these bathing places are not what it is affirmed they will be in the near future.

The lighthouse, eight miles by water, fourteen miles by land. It is said to be the highest but one in the world. The surrounding scenery is entertaining.

The Tijuana (Tia Juana ; Te-a-*whan*-ah, aunt Jane) hot springs. Fourteen miles out, and in Old Mexico. A pretty place in a valley where there are great quantities of wild flowers in winter.

The church of the Mission of San Luis Rey is said to be the finest bit of old church architecture in the country, and therefore very interesting to many persons, who can easily go there by rail. It is not far from the line, and was passed in coming.

La Jolla (Lah-Hole-yah,—the nearest meaning at hand for this name is “the Calm,”—in which case, however, it should be spelled with only one “l”). This is a cave on the coast, some twelve miles out, and much visited.

There are many other places, but they are not generally accessible according to modern ideas of distances and trouble. The tourist in nine cases out of ten has an understanding with himself that he did not come here to work, and there are good hotels, plenty of sustenance for the inner man, placid days and cool nights, flowers, the sea, sunshine almost perpetually, and near at hand as fine sea fishing as can be found on the continent.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CONCLUSION.

Returning northward to Colton, you take the Southern Pacific train westward to Los Angeles, passing on the way, and about nine miles from Los Angeles, the village and mission of San Gabriel.

San Gabriel village is a sleepy spot that reminds you of all there is in scholastic retirement. The church is quite well preserved, and still in service. But the chief charm lies in the valley itself, of which, and of other charming things besides, the best view obtainable is from the Sierra Madre Villa.

To reach this charming spot, there is a choice of two or three routes. It lies almost north of San Gabriel station some four miles. From the station there is a comfortable hack to the Villa, by which one may go and return. But if the entire journey is preferred by rail, the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley railroad, already finished to Pasadena, will doubtless be finished as far as the Villa in time for all who chance to read this to use it. The proper plan would then be to go to Los Angeles direct, and thence to the Villa by the road mentioned. This little route is one of the finest side-trips in Southern California, on perhaps the only road in the world that actually runs through orange-groves, and upon which a trip would at all seasons of the year be purely and simply an excursion, capable of being made in open cars.

The Sierra Madre Villa is a hotel, resort, and orange

plantation in unique combination, and one of the most delightful visiting places in any land. Only its comparative inaccessibility has kept it from becoming as famous as it deserves to be. For from the observatory of the building may be seen without obstruction the whole length and breadth of the San Gabriel Valley, shining green and brown in perpetual sun-light.



A Valley in Southern California.

Behind the Villa rises the steep slope of the Sierra Madre (*Seerrah-Madray*,—mother range. Sierra means, in Spanish, a saw, and was originally applied to rows of sharp peaks, saw-teeth, afterwards, by metonymy, to any range of steep mountains). The southern side, next the Villa, is accessible, though a steep climb. Water and trees, gleas-

and canyons, lie in such shape as to make the ascent seem nearer and less difficult than it really is. This is a universal characteristic of all mountain ranges in the west. Canyon, pronounced can-yone, with the stress on the last syllable, is one of the commonest of western geographical terms. It means a cannon, the bore or calibre of anything, a rift. Americans apply the name, however, where the Spaniards do not, and place the stress on the first syllable. In these pages the spelling which indicates the pronunciation of the word has been followed, the accented Spanish "ñ" not being necessary to English-speaking people.

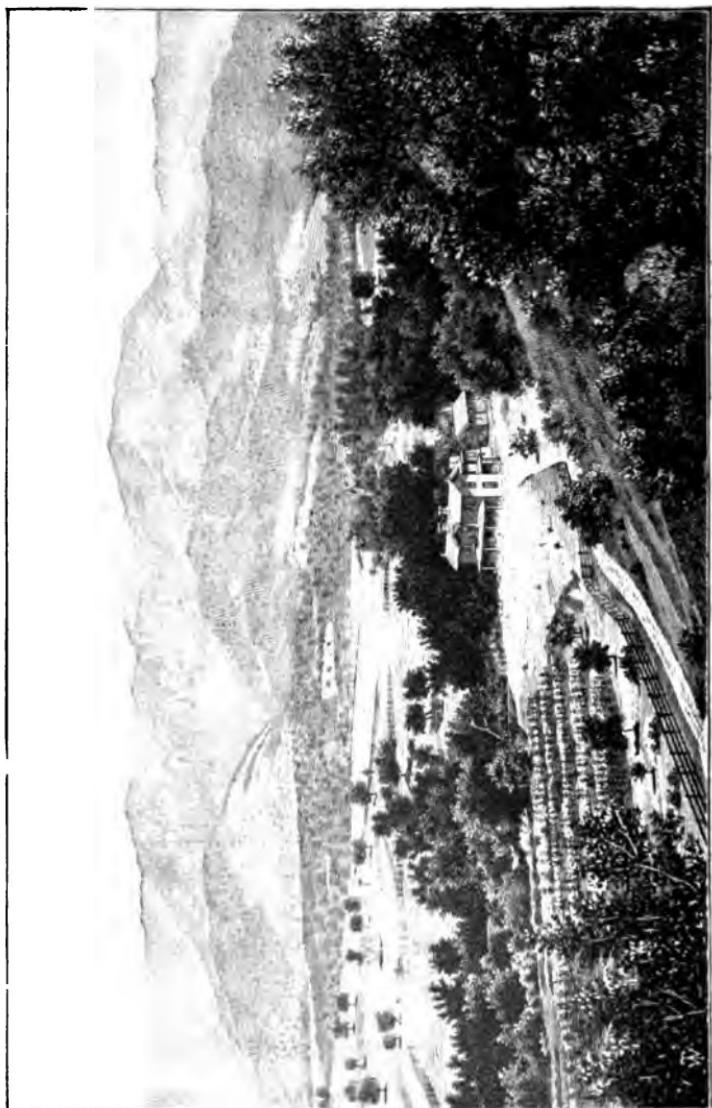
Los Angeles, as all know, is a city of some thirty thousand people. It is one of the old places. One of the hotels is named after old Don Pio Pico, who was the last governor under Spanish rule, and who still lives here,—apparently content in his old age with the new order of things. The town was founded in 1781, and the centre of it was the present plaza. The old adobe portion of the city is called Sonoratown, a locality which had not long since a bad reputation, but which is now tolerably Americanized. As relics of the past, four ancient cannons are planted at as many corners in the streets, and on a hill in the borders of the town there are still to be seen some deep earthwork trenches.

In strong contrast with these relics of a past that all concerned seem desirous of forgetting, the tourist will observe a rather unique system of electric lights. The lamps are borne on wooden masts, each one hundred and fifty feet high, that look very unsubstantial, but seem to answer all purposes. In the Missouri valley they would be found standing, perhaps, after twenty-four hours. It is an indication that there is very little wind, of the kind that does any damage.

Irrigation is the great wonder-worker of this part of the country. The water for the city and surroundings is obtained from the Los Angeles river, and stored in reservoirs. A second water corporation obtains its supply from an artesian well.

The bustle, the drive, the brilliantly-lighted streets, the fine business blocks, the general air of being not only an American but a Californian place, make the visitor forget that he is in the political and industrial heart of a civilization that has so entirely passed away that it is the same as though it never was. It changed from what it was to what it is not through luck, and not by chance, but as a singular example of the intelligence of the Americans who came after, and who have been flying in the face of the old-fashioned Spanish Providence by converting the supposed obstacles of nature into the most perfect means that could have been devised not only for making money, but for beautifying the land. They began to bore these wells, knowing by an instinct peculiar to the race, that they would not bore in vain. They are made to flow at the surface from a depth of about three hundred feet, all over Los Angeles county. Within a radius of ten or a dozen miles you may drive through as many "colonies,"—new places just opened, and each one destined to become a garden in a brief time.

So also did the old Spaniards irrigate; it was the first thing they did. But the Los Angeles is a wide, shallow, low-banked stream, that never did and never would have produced any such results as are now seen, with the old system of open ditches. Pipes will yet be entirely used, and vastly more land will be wet by them from the same supply. But aside from this, wells were never thought of



San Gabriel Valley, Southern California

in the old times. They are not all bored downwards either, and some of them present the curious feature of being horizontal; pushed straight into the mountain-side, and affording a supply of water that once found, cannot help running out.

Tillage in all Southern California is an especial feature. It is largely like that at Riverside, and is of a character whose thoroughness is not thought of elsewhere in the farming communities of this country. It would seem to be by no means a ridiculous proposition to employ a legislative appropriation on the part of many of our western States to the payment of the expenses of some of their leading agriculturists, to visit this country, and report upon methods. There is scarcely a weed on cultivated soil in the State. The consequence is that the country is productive far beyond its appearance; a fact not only applying to quantity, but to quality as well.

Pasadena is seven miles to the north-east of Los Angeles and on the line of the road mentioned above as the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley road. This is a charming ride across what is called the valley of the Arroyo Seco (Dry Ravine) and through what would ordinarily be considered a pass among beautiful scenery. The name, Pasadena, is probably an abbreviation or corruption of what in Spanish would mean The Gate of Eden (*Pasa de Edén*), though Californians generally, while clinging with singular faithfulness to all the Sans and Santas, have skipped some of the most beautiful meanings of the old tongue.

Pasadena now contains some four thousand people, and in general plan and products it is nearly the same as the famous Riverside, and probably almost as fruitful. Either of them will do very well as a residence for any ordinary

citizen who is disposed to be satisfied with the goods the gods provide.

Pomona is about twenty-five miles west of Colton, and was passed on the way coming to Los Angeles by the Southern Pacific. It has now some three thousand five hundred people, and a plentiful supply of water out of

the San Antonio canyon.

Los Angeles county has within its bounds three of the twenty-one old missions spoken of some pages previously. One is San Gabriel, already referred to, another San Juan Capistrano, and a third, San Fernando Rey. Of all these the best preserved is San Gabriel. The last named of the three

is north of Los Angeles twenty-two miles, and near the railroad. It is not in fair preservation. Spoliation and decay are combined to destroy as rapidly as possible all these mementoes of the old times, and any visitor to California who has any investigation to make, might better make it as soon as possible.

It is not possible to name and describe, within the scope of these pages, all the colonies and settlements of a country



that is so rapidly changing. Many of these are in their infancy, and yet to come forward with their claims to recognition as either settlements or resorts.

Every visitor to this country, as to every other, will find himself following certain lines of investigation, enquiry or travel that no other man can define for him beforehand. These pages have been devoted to an attempt at a general description of striking features, particularizing only where especial interest might be supposed to attach. If the average reader has gathered from them a fairly correct idea of the country known as Southern California, and of the incidents and scenes of the route most frequently taken to go there, the object of the writer is fully attained. It is impossible to do more within the extent of less than a large volume.



NOTES.

The tourist is supposed to have turned southward at Waterman (see page 61) direct to Southern California. There are doubtless those who, coming thus far, wish first to go direct to San Francisco.

To do this the journey is continued to Mojave (*Mo-hah-ve*), seventy-three miles further westward, where supper is taken, and the through car attached to the train on the Southern Pacific road that goes direct to San Francisco. Oakland Pier is reached at 10.40 the following morning, precisely four days after leaving Kansas City.

To visit Southern California by way of San Francisco, the tourist passes Mojave again going southward, direct to Los Angeles. The journey from Mojave to San Francisco is therefore simply an additional trip, which can as well be made after as before visiting the southern portion of the State. This note is simply added for convenience to those who contemplate the journey, and to whom there may be a question of routes in connection with the saving of time.

To return by the same route, whether San Francisco is included in the tour or not, the junction-point is again the little station of Waterman, on the Atlantic and Pacific road; that is, passengers who have not gone to San Francisco will there meet passengers who have.

Personally, it is suggested to California tourists that there are complete conveniences for meals on this, and so far as known on all other routes, with one exception. There is no necessity at any point of the journey herein

described, for the inconvenient lunch-basket, and the fruits of the lower Rio Grande, supplemented later by those of California, are to many an unexpected addition to bills-of-fare.

It is not necessary to take more than one kind of clothing. The climate permits the wearing of the same weight of material the year round. This lessens the amount of baggage necessary for both ladies and gentlemen. Always carry with you when going more than a short distance a light overcoat.

You will enjoy this trip much better by retiring quite early every night, and rising early in the morning,—unless in the case of youth in conjunction with moonlight ; nothing can well be more beautiful than this combination in mountain regions. The breakfast hour for fast trains is generally early in the morning, while the air is delightfully fresh.



AT LARGE.

The wonderful State of California has been much written, and the best abilities of professional tourists and journalists have been spent upon it. Nevertheless, there is no guide now in print, of which any knowledge exists, that may be said to be up to date in all its details. In some instances new railroad lines have been built: in others, new conclusions have been reached, with a distinguishable effect upon tourists, and both health and investment seekers. The traveler, following the route described in the foregoing pages or not, finds himself here, probably with a desire to know as much as possible of the large territory lying outside of the limits of that portion of the State that is now definitely known as Southern California. To cover that ground briefly these pages have been added.

As has been stated, the climate south of Mojave, considered as a convenient reference-point, seems to be peculiar to the country. There is, strictly speaking, no season that can be called winter, or that bears any resemblance to that season as most of us know it. The case is different in the more northern portions. It is true that the climate of all California is anomalous in the absence of all extremes, and winter does not hinder the traveler in ordinary journeys. But now your overcoat is going to be a *vade mecum*, not for winter alone, but for every day in the year. Wherever the sea wind or the Pacific fog can reach you, you are going to feel its harshness. But there are seven months in the year during which you will need no umbrella. As it does not

rain during all this time, the country is necessarily dusty. Some of the most lasting of the recollections of the country you will find to be of the dust. On the valley roads, where there is much travel, it lies four inches deep, an impalpable powder. Fortunately, there is not much wind; when there is, you must accept it as one of the ills of life; it is not a cold wind.

Stage-lines still exist in California, and must be used. To hundreds of the able-bodied class of travelers they add to the pleasure of the journey by affording a spice of novelty. Mud may possibly sometimes be,—it has not come forward prominently as a cause of complaint,—but cold, in our sense, never. The stage-ride, to any person not a professional or confirmed invalid, is in this climate a diversion.

The tour of California, under present rates of travel, can be made from the Missouri River and return, for about three hundred and fifty dollars, including all the conveniences reasonably required in the way of carriages, first-class accommodations, and extras. By those who make an effort in that direction, the tour can be done for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. It will be not quite so extensive or luxurious, but many do it for even less than that sum. Excursion rates can always be procured over the transcontinental lines, and on the route described in these pages, at all seasons of the year, owing to its climatic location and more even temperature. Taking advantage of the greatly reduced rates given where there is a party, or where special rates exist from any cause, the tour of California is one of the cheapest that can be made.

Hotel fares in California, contrary to the general idea on that point, are mostly in the tourist's favor. The old days of rough travel and endurance are passed. Ample and

cheap accommodations are everywhere to be found. In Los Angeles, for example, good hotel accommodations are had at three dollars per day. This chief city of Southern California, as might be expected, charges as much as any. At San Diego, first-class accommodations were had at two dollars and fifty cents. At the Glenwood, at Riverside, a resort, the charge was three dollars. The exception to this general rule is San Francisco, where the Palace, a colossal structure representing a larger sum at interest, charges an average of about six dollars per day, though much cheaper accommodations, perhaps equally good, can be had. At such places, to be in harmony, it costs more to be shaved at the hotel barber-shop, more by considerable for the after-dinner cigar, and twenty-five cents for the occasional refreshment indulged in at a silver-mounted bar, when something equally vigorous can be got across the street for twelve-and-one-half cents.

All through Northern California the rule of reasonable charges holds good. It is a plentiful country, where, with the exception of the very articles that are cheap elsewhere, the necessities of life can all be procured at reasonable prices. The land of contrarieties in climate and all things, many of the commonest and cheapest articles are, to the common conception, luxuries.

Not only essays and discourses, but even books, have been written upon land and the price of it; soil, products, profits, and the best place to go, in California. Not only are there thousands of conflicting local opinions on these points, but the facts themselves are constantly changing. It is a trait that is not confined to California for each man to think his own the best, but that feeling is here remarkably developed. Whatever these conflicting opinions may

be, there is no difficulty in getting at them. Real-estate literature is a flood. Every colony and settlement has its one or half-dozen publications on the subject of inducements, products, advantages and prices. They are rarely offered for sale; they are sufficiently rewarded by the chances of your serious perusal of one in a dozen of them. You can always get this literature, some of which is handsomely and entertainingly done, and therefore the subjects treated of are not included in this volume. It is sufficient to say, that it is a country of curious, and, for the most part, successful, experiment, and that it is not yet more than half developed. The desire for adventure in the first place, for gold in the second era, and for health in the third, have been the means of the present development of all California. Those that stayed, in many cases when they did not wish to, were obliged to apply themselves to the development of undiscovered resources, and the result is seen on every hand. It is a curious reflection, that, for the greater part of its romantic history, California was not even thought of as a farming country. Now, it is scarcely thought of in any other light. Frankly speaking, it has long ceased to be the country for the poor man and the pioneer, if home and the winning of it by industry and endeavor alone, is what he is seeking. But it is still a country where fair capital often makes large returns; where thousands are living in robust health who elsewhere would be dead; and where, to rich and poor alike, a climate that is free to all, puts a new meaning upon luxury.

MOJAVE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The regular train from Mojave northwards is a night train, but, night or day, it is a most enjoyable ride. Eighteen miles above Mojave, and beginning at Tehachapi, are the mountains, to cross which a remarkable engineering work was constructed by the Southern Pacific road, called the Loop, and the name more or less accurately describes it. The line is made to double upon itself, and even an artificial tunnel was constructed, through which it might run under itself. In one place there are five parallel single tracks. A cut of the Loop on paper very strongly resembles a gigantic angle worm, in a state of great personal discomfort. This scene, even by night, and especially if the moon be shining, is a very remarkable one; the change from the scenes of the Mojave "desert" being almost as great as it is on turning southward into Southern California from Waterman. The beautiful California live-oaks stand in clumps or as single splendid trees, many of them appearing to grow out of the naked granite. This beautiful evergreen is characteristic of the country, and one of its most attractive features. It is a low, wide-spreading tree, whose foliage lies in heavy masses, and affords a dense shade. Growing almost always where there is no underbrush, the effect is to make the landscape look like a park.

Immediately beyond the Loop, the traveler enters another of the celebrated valleys of California; the San Joaquin (San Whah-keen,—Saint Joachim), the crossing of the little Kern river, at the station called Bakersfield, being about the southern end of it. In this pocket at the end of the valley

are clustered the three lakes, Tulare (*Too-lare-e*), Buena Vista (*Boo-air-ah Vees-tah*,—good view), and Kern. None of these are to be classed with Tahoe in attractiveness and celebrity, and are not generally regarded as places of interest.

The valley takes its name from the San Joaquin river, which flows through almost the entire length of it from south to north. The railroad does not, however, follow the banks of the stream, but crosses at frequent intervals its affluents, as the Cottonwood, the Chowchilla, the Merced, the



Lake Scene.

Tuolumne, etc. These are none of them rivers, by any fair construction of the term, but creeks of more or less volume.

The San Joaquin Valley shares with the Sacramento the fame that pertains to two celebrated districts. Before arriving at Oakland Pier the tourist will have a good opportunity to form his idea of its productiveness. Though not the land of winter, the orchards of oranges, olives, apricots and lemons are no longer seen. The country seems to be largely devoted to wheat, of which large crops of superb

quality are often made. It is cut with a "header," threshed on the spot, never "sweats" in bulk, and needs no barns and granaries. The climate is the barn, and the rainless dome of heaven a kindly roof that costs nothing.

Yet the scene is not entirely pleasant. There is a lack of the appearance and usual surroundings of rural luxury. The home-like houses, to say nothing of the opulent mansions of some of the farmers of Eastern Kansas or Illinois and Michigan, are not seen here, and the mammoth barns of the middle States are unknown. The inevitable inference is that the San Joaquin farmer is engaged in a struggle, and cannot yet afford them, or that he is waiting to grow rich before he begins to live. The often alleged reason is that the climate does not require them. That is saying that in the opinion of this farmer, houses are only necessary as a shelter, and that the beauty and comfort of a home that pleases for its own sake, is a gratification that can be indefinitely delayed in the universal struggle for wealth.

Less than twenty years ago, the San Joaquin Valley was used almost entirely for grazing purposes, and was alleged to be unsuited for agricultural purposes. It is the very old story of all the West repeated. The final grazing grounds of this, and all other regions west of the Missouri, will be fenced pastures and tame grasses.

The long, deep bay of San Francisco, on whose shore the track lies for thirty miles or more, and the suburban towns near the metropolis, including Oakland, are sights of the early morning. When you reach the ferry-house, and go on board the splendid steamer that carries you across to the foot of Market Street, you will begin to realize the splendid civilization of the Occident, and the vastness of the resources that wrought it out of the homesick beginnings of less than forty years ago.

SAN FRANCISCO.

It is still a place unique, and notwithstanding its tens of thousands of annual visitors, and the hundreds of pages that have been given to its description, worth seeing and talking about.

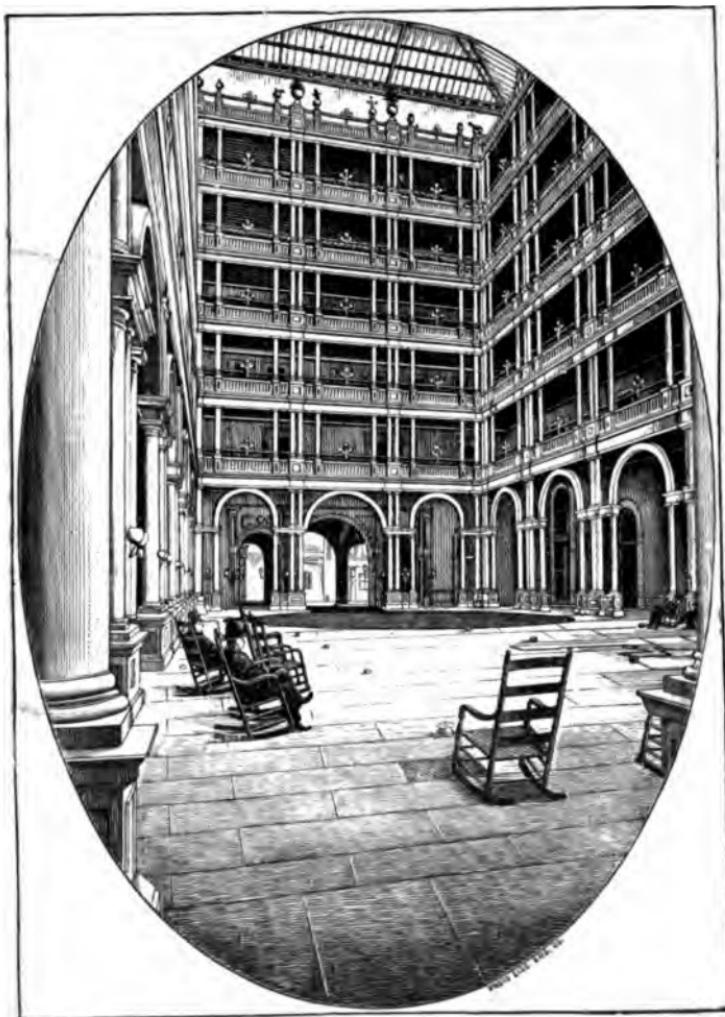
Hold your left hand in such a position that the back of the hand is uppermost before you; bend your left index finger downward, almost as much as you can, and imagine San Francisco as located near the end of that side of the finger that is next you, and you have a blind man's map of the ground on which it stands, and its immediate surroundings of water. You have also, by the schoolboy's rule, the points of the compass. It will not be considered an aspersion upon ordinary American intelligence to say that there are a great many people whose knowledge of affairs is by no means limited, who do not distinctly know that the metropolis of the Occident does not stand on the main land, or upon which bank of the Mississippi New Orleans is situated. The bay of San Francisco ought, by all pre-conceived ideas, to lie to the westward of the city; but it is mainly on the east and north. To get into town by way of any of her connections, you must cross the bay. It may be added that this is a considerable body of water, which extends southward of the imaginary finger end many miles.

To be entirely frank with the tourist, it is necessary to state that San Francisco produces upon most travelers impressions that are conflicting, that are not all pleasant, and that make him the victim of a variety of emotions. It has a

climate that is in one sense glorious, but from another view, very nearly atrocious. It never snows ; that is, it never did but once, and then the citizens of the place made the most of it with true California enthusiasm, and proceeded to pelt each other, and throw at everything in sight, until the car-drivers abandoned their posts, and a general bandaging of skulls, and repairing of hats and windows was the order for a week afterward. But it is that peculiar climate that is like a "cold" day in the West Indies ; it gives you the same sensations that the coolness of a friend does. The balm of the May morning has a tincture of chill in it. You discard the idea of a fire as ridiculous, when you know you would like one very much. And then the gray fog is blown away, the sun comes out gloriously, and the world smiles. But in a few days you come to the understanding that this smile is slightly hypocritical. In a city where you can pluck a bouquet every day in the year out of doors, so every day in the year you must have an overcoat on your back or over your arm.

San Francisco never impresses the visitor as Chicago does. The tall structures that give the latter, and other cities, a monumental grandeur, are unknown here. The shakings that sometimes occur without any warning have deterred the erection of the twelve-story Babels, to the extent that one is inclined to regret that earthquakes are not more common in some other localities.

The architecture is, to Eastern eyes, peculiar in other respects. All dwelling-houses are balconied from top to bottom, and the majority of them are built of wood. There is, or lately was, a passion for a dull gray in color, without contrast in trimmings, which gives somewhat the impression of a universal sizing-coat, left as it was from motives



Court of the Palace Hotel.

of economy, which in San Francisco is a thing not at all likely.

As to the streets, they are among the most interesting highways of the world. For, though the residents may never have observed it, there is a sensation of foreignness about them. They are intensely American, but lie under strange skies and unaccustomed stars. They are, as a rule, beautifully paved and admirably kept, while the interiors of places of business are as handsome and as well finished as any elsewhere. Some of the stores possess what was until lately quite a novelty, being devoted entirely to the sale of Chinese and Japanese products.

All the city is laid off in gigantic terraces, and the streets, above a certain height, are devoted entirely to business. To each one of these, as they rise one above the other, the ascent is considerably steeper than one ordinarily wishes to climb,—about like ordinary stairs. These were endured, so far as is known, with great cheerfulness, until the invention of the cable-cars, and now nobody walks except an occasional Chinaman, with a pole and two baskets. The cable railway has ceased to be a novelty, being now in extensive operation in Chicago, Kansas City and elsewhere. But nowhere else do they approach the comfort, handsomeness and utility they have in San Francisco. They go up and down these steep streets, maintaining the same rate of speed on either side of the hill, and occasionally striking a decline which makes the performance seem quite perilous. After you reach San Francisco, you will find yourself riding in these cars as a mere enjoyable diversion, and when you come away you will be turning over in your mind the question whether you may not better, once for all, resolve never to ride behind mules again, preferring to just walk.

Museums and places of amusement are not wanting; but one of your first visits will undoubtedly be to the Golden Gate Park, and beyond to the resort known as the Cliff House.

All that part lying west of the city proper, and between it and the coast, was originally gigantic billows of yellow and shifting sand. Out of this material was this beautiful park



Seal Rock and Cliff House.

originally made. It is not yet finished, being intended to extend to the shore on the west. In this land of flowers one expects to find beautiful specimens, and one does. In the matter of natural and artificial and costly beauty, Golden Gate Park is not the equal of Central Park in New York. But in the respect of flowers, lovely almost beyond the conceptions of the north-

ern mind, it excels all the resorts of the world. Not alone in the extensive conservatory do you find them, but everywhere.

As you take the train from one of the entrances of the park, behind what is called a "dummy" engine, looking considerably like a kitchen range on wheels, you may, in a few moments, observe the process by which the sand is made soil. First, "pampas" grass is planted in rows in the sand. Strangely enough it grows, and the roots serve the purpose for which it was planted, in literally holding down the sand. This once accomplished, and the grass having formed a thick growth, trees are planted, and make a rapid growth. These sand-hills are worse than the ordinary desert, as they were shifted annually by the wind, like heaps of dry snow.

Behind this "dummy" engine you reach the Cliff House, and may see the seal rocks, covered with their very unpossessing inhabitants. The majority of visitors do not appreciate these brutes at anything over their actual æsthetic value. Awkward, ungainly, idiotic, they spend their time in worming themselves out of the sea on to the rocks, and tumbling off again with a splash. This performance is accompanied by the most discordant barkings ever heard, ceaseless day and night. They are an ugly, quarrelsome and uncleanly company, graceful no doubt in the water, but unattractive and uninteresting, not to say a bore, after a few minutes' acquaintance. The great, wide, beautiful sea is a sufficient reward for the trouble of the excursion. To many minds the Pacific affords an idea of vastness that the Atlantic does not. China, Japan, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands between, are what lie beyond, and the sun goes down behind them all. The long and crested rollers that break at your feet, seem to have come from far beyond all our interests and hopes.

A remarkable elevation, both in the old times and now, is

the small mountain called Telegraph Hill, standing immediately south of the entrance to the harbor (Golden Gate). It has not been long since it was necessary to climb the steep ascent on foot if you wished to enjoy what is, on a clear day, a fine prospect. Now, the means of climbing Telegraph Hill add considerably to the attractiveness of the excursion. It is a cable car which seems to be attached permanently to the rope. The car is stopped and started again by means of an electric signal made by the conductor, which is responded to at some distant point by stopping the cable, instead of letting go of it as usual. Whether this is a measure of safety or perhaps the steepest decline ever climbed by cars, or a mere matter of convenience, it strikes the average passenger very forcibly with its ingenuity.

The observatory on Telegraph Hill is very completely furnished with telescopes, field-glasses and other conveniences, and has also a restaurant, and is used by the population as a pleasure resort.

The most curious of all the features of San Francisco is that portion of the city that has, under the pressure of circumstances, been given over to exclusive Chinese occupancy. The children of the flowery kingdom swarm here by tens of thousands, and have made of their portion of an American city a Canton to suit themselves. The streets occupied by them are easily found, and may be traversed without difficulty by any stranger. It is a San Francisco idea that Chinatown can only be seen aright about midnight, which means that the most revolting vices of the Chinese then become shows to which visitors are admitted on payment of a fee. Daylight will do for the average visitor to whom heathen orgies are not entertaining, and the most disgusting forms of lewdness displayed as an exhibition.

M O N T E R E Y, AND OTHER RESORTS.

This is considered the fashionable resort of California, and is extensively patronized by the citizens of San Francisco. The sleepy old town was the Mexican capital, before referred to as the scene of one of the premature exploits of the American navy. It is a place of remarkably mild temperature, good bathing facilities, and where the foliage planted for ornamental purposes many years ago has matured into great size and charming effects. It is about four hours' ride by rail from San Francisco.

THE GEYSERS, THE ALMADEN MINE, THE NAPA VALLEY, SANTA ROSA, SANTA CRUZ, are places usually "done" by those who have ample time and means, and who wish to see all there is of California. By the standard of modern travel facilities, a visit to them costs some trouble besides. Local information as to how to reach them and other attractive spots, can be readily given by any resident. There are a number of resorts, each well worth visiting, in the neighborhood of San Francisco, that are not known to any guide-book, and as yet have only a local value. There is no city in the world that possesses in a fuller degree the advantage and pleasure to be derived from a rest, and a change of scene and climate, in a ride of two or three hours by rail. A satisfactory description of them would fill a large volume.

It should be remembered that the Geysers mentioned are not similar to the startling wonders of the Yellowstone

Park, known by the same name. These are flowing hot springs only.

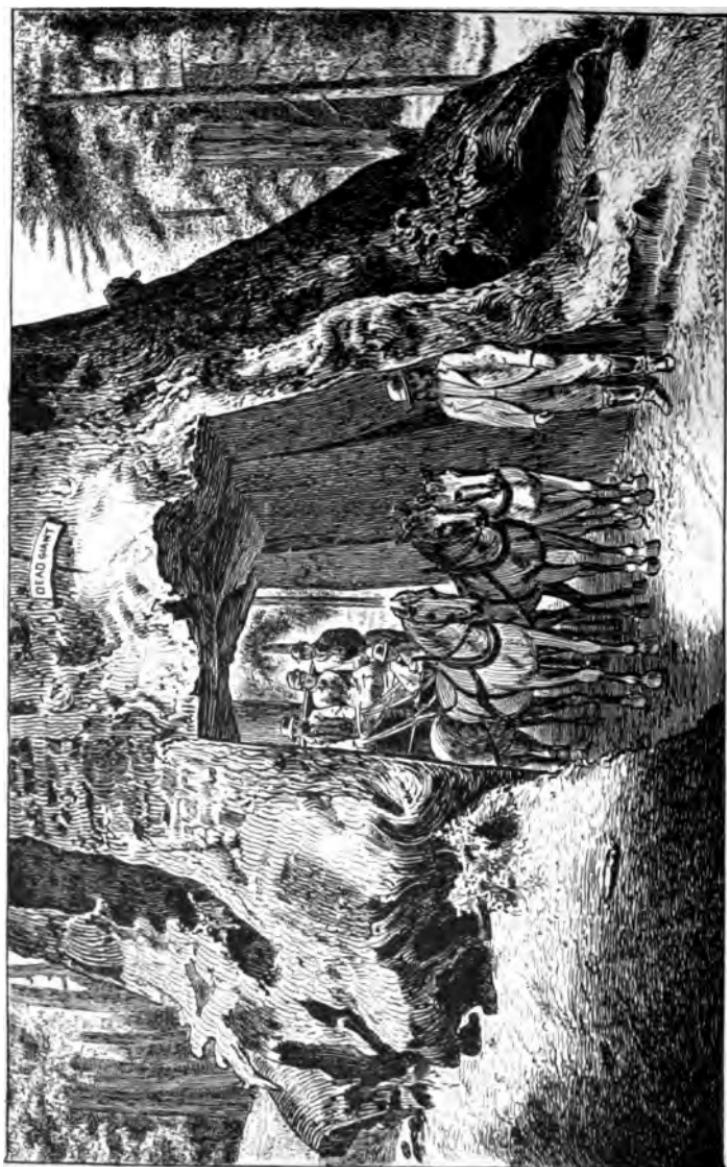
But there are two scenes in California, neither of them as yet accessible by rail, that every traveler will wish to visit if possible. These are THE BIG TREES and Yo SEMITE. Time was, and not long since, when it was necessary to ride to Yo Semite on horseback. You now go there by stage over a fine road.

There are three groves of Big Trees in California, that most frequently visited being the Mariposa grove, included in the same tour with the Yo Semite. It is almost useless to attempt a new, or in any way an adequate, description of these wonderful places, which thousands have traveled across the sea to behold.

The station of Madera, which you passed in coming north to San Francisco, is the nearest point by rail. There, all baggage should be left, a single substantial suit of clothes, with serviceable shoes, being all that is necessary.

From Madera you go by stage to the Big Trees, where the night is spent. Thence you go on the following morning a short drive to the Yo Semite Valley. There are, of course, good hotels, and ample, and even luxurious, accommodations. The stage ride may be tiresome, but it is novel and pleasant; and the average invalid does not hesitate about it. There are also guides, horses, lunches, and every facility for a thorough enjoyment of scenes no other region has to offer.

The Big Trees, thus seen on the road to Yo Semite, have been so often drawn, described, photographed and wondered over, that any detailed description of them here would be superfluous. The enterprise of modern journalism at intervals brings to the notice of the public accounts of bigger trees in some remote corner of the world, but



The Dead Giant.

thus far these despatches remain unconfirmed, and the Sequoia remains the sole representative of a race of vegetable giants that will never come again. They are but the stragglers of a host; the remainder of a multitude. All over these mountain sides there are great trenches where the immense trunks lay after they had fallen, perhaps a thousand years being occupied in their slow decay. It is not even known how old these living ones are, whether they are yet growing, how long they may stand, or if there is any hope of a new and continued growth.

The Yo Semite Valley is an immense and irregular basin, about two miles wide and eight miles long, whose sides are irregular walls of rock nearly a mile high. Of the special points in this notched edge, to which names have been given, the following are some of the heights: Mount Star King (named after the celebrated San Francisco preacher of that name who died some years ago), 5,600 feet; Cloud's Rest, 6,034 feet; South Dome, 4,737 feet; Sentinel Dome, 4,500 feet; El Capitan, 3,300 feet.

The lowest of any of the points specially named in the rim of the valley is 1,800 feet. It will be readily seen, even on paper, that these are very unusual elevations to be grouped around an amphitheatre in such a manner that most of them are included in one view, or break upon the sight at a sudden turn. There are, in all, seventeen of these objects bearing names.

There are eleven waterfalls, one of them, Yo Semite, being 2,634 feet high, while the Sentinel measures 3,000 feet. There are 5,280 feet in one mile; Niagara is only 163 feet high; and the steep Palisades of the Hudson, classed among fine scenery, are, at their highest point, something over 500 feet in height.

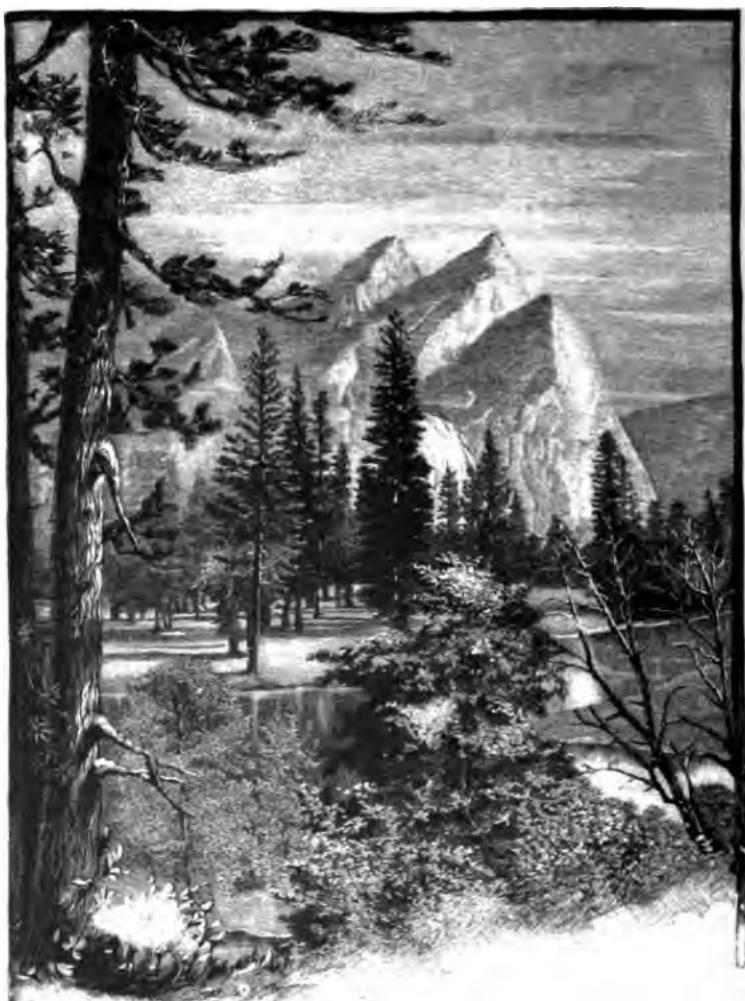


A Glimpse of Yo Semite Valley.

But you may read all the guides that ever were written ; you may shut your eyes and endeavor to imagine the scene ; you may institute all the comparisons of which the mind is capable, and the endeavor will be entirely useless. Heights and depths, figures, absolute statements, have nothing to do with it. You cannot even take it in after you are there. The falling waters, blown aside like lace at the caprices of the wind, the lofty walls of rock, the glens, ravines and undulations of the valley itself, grow upon you by slow processes. The longer you stay the better, if you have any appreciation of the ennobling effect of such scenes on the mind. It is almost inconceivable that a man can be very narrow, or sordid, or fretful or unpatriotic, and visit Yo Semite once a year. Niagara impresses one with a species of terror ; this is like listening, amid settings no earthly stage can contrive, to exquisite music none but yourself can hear.

To the great majority of visitors, El Capitan is the most impressive object. It is not so high as other rocks, but there is a majesty in this gigantic mass of solid, seamless rock, shining in the sun with a dull lustre like unpolished marble, that impresses the most stolid. It must be remembered that it is not "pretty," or "picturesque." It is not a pinnacle or a peak, but a wall nearly two miles broad, and almost perpendicular.

When you have reached the foot of Yo Semite Fall, and look up, up, and see what a vast body of water this foaming band is, that is falling before your eyes 2,600 feet, while the wind sways it from side to side, it will take you hours to get anything like an adequate conception of the beauty and majesty of a scene not equalled elsewhere on this planet. Were you the most sordid citizen that ever travelled merely because he could, you would be impressed.



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CONCLUSION.

California, as a whole, is as curious in its general topography as it is in its remarkable history ; than which there is none more wonderful outside the realm of fable. It was filled, within three years of the hour it was practically first heard of, with adventurers of every kindred and tongue, who established for themselves a code and a form of government never before heard of, which in its turn was broken up by the memorable Vigilantes, the very opposite of a commune, who, in an experiment that would have produced a prolonged reign of anarchy in any other country than one ruled by American traditions, established the rule of law that will never again be broken. The question of the admission of the great State into the sisterhood of the Union produced a furious storm in Congress ; a storm that was born of the same fatuity on the slavery question that afterwards brought on the war. As you wander amid these scenes, wrought into semblances of the corners of Paradise by the energy of a free and virile people, imagine how, by a slight difference in original circumstances, California might have spent the last twenty years in rubbing off the canker and rust of a dead slavery.

The topography of the country has no standard of comparison by which the Eastern man may judge of it. It is necessary to imagine a mountain wall, called the Sierra Nevadas (*Ne-vah-dah*,—snowed, or snow-covered), running almost north and south on the eastern side, and melting away at the southern end into the plain about Mojave.

West of this lies the Coast Range, very inferior in height. Between the two lies an immense valley, the northern half being known as the Sacramento Valley, and the southern half as the San Joaquin, already spoken of. In this valley there is a curious arrangement of rivers. The San Joaquin, rising in Tulare lake, runs northward about two hundred miles, or almost opposite the bay of San Francisco, where it is joined by the Sacramento river, rising near Mount Shasta in the north. Each valley is called by the name of its river, each of which turns off at a sharp angle and runs into the bay. It is all really one valley, and, if it were not in California, a river would run in one direction from end to end of it, as usual.

The San Joaquin Valley contains about seven million acres, the Sacramento about five million. Count in all the nooks and corners, and the smaller valleys separated from the main ones by spurs and small mountains, and the total area of the great valley of California, land that at no distant day will all be cultivated, is more than thirty millions of acres.

This valley system is entirely distinct from the San Gabriel and other valleys of Southern California.

These figures can be compared with those of the total area of the State, which is the largest of the Union except Texas, and estimated to contain 120,947,840 acres.

Outside of the valleys, it will be seen that the spots of agricultural land are few and far between, and that they comprise an infinitesimal part of the whole area. The dweller in any one of the great western States, will feel a slight disgust for a country with so much waste land, so much howling and irredeemable rock and canyon and mountain top. The compensation is, that the lands that are

tillable are much finer than any to be found even in Illinois or Kansas. Two crops per year are often made. Water



A Rift in the Sierras.

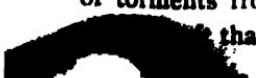
from ditches renders agriculture a business in which results are almost certain, and a land almost without a winter, and a climate that has no vicissitudes, lend to the harvest an

assurance not possessed elsewhere. Labored and extensive statistics could be given, if space and the patience of the reader permitted, that would go far to show that California, with less than one-thirtieth part of her area productive soil, is one of the most voluminous producers of the American Union.

To the traveler as he departs, and to the bird which flies over the scene, those narrow streaks of green fenced by eternal mountains must seem narrow. They are so. California can never come forward like that other wonder, Kansas, reputed a desert and rich as the mud of the Nile, as the fostering mother of industrious honesty, and the home of the discouraged from every country. California may be included among the luxuries. A home there cannot now be had for the asking. At least moderate capital is required in all cases. Hundreds of nooks and corners are yet unoccupied, especially in the southern portion, but all of them bear a value, in many cases entirely disproportionate to any apparent advantage.

But as a place to see, a land in which to while a winter away, a country to go to in weariness and failing health, California has no equal. Nor does it entirely share the fate of other beautiful countries. They are nearly all poor. All regions of mountains and sunshine, of pines, falling water and clear air, are more or less good for little else,—all but this.

There remains but this: if, following the usual American custom, you have worked yourself almost to death in middle life; if you have carried the seeds of consumption out of the rich beech openings of Indiana or Ohio, or ague and its train of torments from some corn-growing valley, there is still a



that is better than drugs and doctors. Put your-

self in direct competition with the poorest man you know who is also honest. Buy a second-class ticket if you can't a first. Avail yourself of some one of the almost innumerable means of cheap excursion travel now offered, and try Southern California. You will find that the necessities of life are as cheap as at home, and that some of the luxuries are cheaper still. You will meet others here who, worse than yourself, are now rejoiced at the brilliancy and success of the scheme of saving their lives by driving mules or pruning trees. There is nothing to pay for what you come after in such a case. Climate is free even to the gophers. Your neighbor's garden, and God's blue-and-gold landscape are yours without price.

As to the climatic cure of specific chronic diseases in California, all grades and varieties of sick people go there for that purpose. All mountain regions are more or less visited for the same purpose. But in California, at least in the southern part, the climate is a distinct addition to almost all the sanitary features of other regions. There is at least one widely disseminated complaint, for which remedies have been sought in vain, and which plagues the lives of thousands every season, for which the Pacific coast is stated to offer a certain cure. This is "hay-fever," or "nose-cold," the cause and cure of which nobody seems to understand, while its victims are the most wretched of mortals while the torment lasts.

A writer in the *Tribune*, of Chicago, under date of September 25, 1885, makes, in the course of a letter upon the subject, too long to reproduce entire, the following observations :

"Wherever the western Atlantic winds blow most regularly, and where the people were most exposed to them



An Unoccupied Corner.

and least to the eastern, northeastern, or southern winds, just to that extent were they exempt from hay-fever. I discovered, that, in those portions of Europe where the winds were frequently from the south or east, hay-fever was almost as prevalent as in the United States.

"From these data I drew the conclusion that the Pacific coast of this continent, from Victoria, in British Columbia, south to San Diego, in California, should be exempt from hay-fever, because, throughout the summer season—the hay-fever period of the year—the prevailing, in fact the constant, winds of that coast, are from the Pacific Ocean. Westerly and northwesterly trade-winds prevail, blowing from the ocean inland for six or eight months in the year,—from May until late in the beginning of winter. And of course such winds, crossing the vast Pacific Ocean, would bear very little of vegetable odors from the Asiatic shores, but would be as free therefrom as anywhere in this world.

"Reflecting upon this theory, and desiring to test its soundness, this last summer, before the usual hay-fever season set in, I corresponded with friends in Oregon and California on the subject, all of whom assured me that such a thing as hay-fever was utterly unknown on that coast ; that all the people who had been afflicted with the disease in the Eastern or Middle States, and had settled on the Pacific slope of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges, had never had any return of it since their settlement in the country ; that all the Eastern visitors troubled with hay-fever who have arrived on that coast in the summer have experienced immediate and complete exemption from the pest ; and that, so far as the most experienced hay-fever visitors' knowledge extends, there has been no exception to this universal rule.

"This was very interesting information, and, acting upon it, I took a member of my family, long afflicted with hay-fever, to the Pacific coast, visited many of the points just named from Portland to Monterey, and found complete exemption from the affliction. I met, during the hay-fever period, several friends from the East who were seeking the western coast in the hope that they might find a place where they could find relief from their misery during the summer. Each of them testified, that, immediately after crossing the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains and coming within the influence of the trade-winds of the Pacific Ocean, which blow from the westward, they experienced no more trouble from their annual evil ; and each and all joined in the opinion that the Pacific slope was probably the best place for hay-fever sufferers to visit in North America, or perhaps the world. It has a pleasant summer climate,—neither too hot nor too cold,—is perfectly healthy, free from malaria, and not subject to any extremes of weather during the summer, such as storms, cyclones, thunder and lightnings ; while the population is hospitable, intelligent, and pleasant to live among. All who can spare the time and money for their hay-fever vacation will find the Pacific coast the right place to visit, as there is no hay-fever there."

But money rules. Money *has* ruled, or the majority of the American people would not need the climate of California as badly as they now do. Perhaps advice as to the investment of funds is mere surplusage in these pages, but it is well known that men are not alike in their view of this time-worn subject. One of the unique features of land investment in California is, that in the majority of cases there is a water-right connected with the purchase, for which you also pay. Frank confession is here made that

this subject is not understood in all its bearings by the present writer. Water was a prominent factor in mining operations in the early history of the State, and has cut a prominent figure in the adjustment of individual and community rights ever since. The miner's "inch," and the statute "inch" have sometimes come in conflict. Almost the whole of the water supply, which sometimes has necessitated the building of costly works, is in the hands of companies. On the part of the older residents, a belief that water is an absolute necessity in all agricultural operations is very general. The new school are hesitatingly under the impression that many processes can be successfully carried on without it. In truth, the rainfall of California presents some curious features. Westward of the coast range, with some exceptions like that of San Diego, where the prevailing Pacific winds are modified by the trend of the elevations, the prevailing climate is governed by the temperature of the sea. From April to October the current of cold water which pours out of Behring Strait has a temperature of fifty-three degrees, and is the cause of the north and north-west winds, and of the fogs which are wrapped like a gray cloak around the foot-hills wherever they intervene, and which is carried only a short distance into the interior. There are, therefore, in California two climates ; the coast and the inland. This is doubtless the reason of the statement made by some authorities, that the coast of the country is unsuitable for invalids. The statement is true only generally, the unequalled situation of San Diego, and possibly of other places, giving them all the advantages of proximity to the sea, and freedom from the cold current and the fog.

These rare locations are also largely exempt from the dis-

advantages of the inland climate, which may be considered the exact opposite of the coast climate. The great interior valleys are very warm, the thermometer at noon often marking 100 degrees for several days in succession. But the nights and mornings are always cool. The heat is dry; there are no "muggy" days, and there is generally a breeze. And "between the devil and the deep sea," as it were, though precisely reversing the meaning of that time-honored phrase, there is a district jointly ruled by these two climates, and consequently the most delightful temperature in the world.

The rainy season of California commences in November, and lasts until about the first of May. The dry season has all the remaining months. The rainy season is not to be taken in any tropical sense; it is not so wet as a New England summer. But the dry season is all that the term indicates. The average rainfall at San Francisco for the year is only about twenty-one inches, and in many localities it is even less than that.

On the other hand, peculiar locations greatly influence the rainfall in its season. In the northern foot-hills of the Sierra, eighty inches sometimes fall. In south-western Oregon eleven feet of water has been known to fall in a single year.

The greater part of the trees of California are not only indigenous, but are confined to that coast. The giant Sequoia, three species, including the "redwood," never grew elsewhere. The last-named has frequently attained a height of three hundred feet, and a circumference of eighty feet. That makes of a common, ordinary rail-cut a stick that is nearly thirty feet in diameter. It may be a source of gratification to those who share the feeling of the author of

"Woodman, spare that tree," that, once cut, its successor never comes, and its place is taken by punier growths.

There are sixteen species of pine, of which the "sugar pine" is the largest, being often forty-five feet in circumference.



There are six species of fir-tree, one of them sometimes attaining the height of three hundred feet.

There are two species of the live or evergreen oak, and twelve other members of the oak family. The "chinquapin" sometimes attains a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet.

There are three or four dogwoods, none of them like the same tree elsewhere, together with an extensive family of smaller and greater trees, some of them the most beautiful productions of the forest, but all differing in nature from what we would imagine they were from their familiar designations.

Yet there is but one species of native grape, all the rest having been imported from Europe.

There are three hundred and fifty species of birds native to California, including among these twenty kinds of wood-peckers alone. There are thirty-seven different birds of prey, and twelve kinds of owls; none of these have ever lived elsewhere.

There is no intention of going into zoölogy or ornithology. Two or three facts are given which indicate that there was an original intention of leaving California to itself; an intention which, as in the case of Australia as well, has not been carried out. To this it may be added that of the one hundred and fifteen species of mammals, twenty-seven are carnivorous. The list, and the remarks thereon, might be continued almost indefinitely. Everywhere one goes, the unaccustomed eye lights upon novelties in animal, fruit, flower and scenery.

Of flowers, it is almost useless to begin again to write. The greenhouses that wealthy people build, adorned with stucco rocks, and waterfalls that remind one of an accidental leak, and warmed with coils of plumber's work or the uncongenial heat of a furnace, show all over the land the appreciation in which the fragrance and beauty of the floral world is held. Yet all the contrivances of art, in either the northern or southern States, never produced under glass anything to equal a nook in the forest, a corner by the

roadside, or a poor man's dooryard, in midwinter, in the southern portions of California. You cannot live upon flowers; even the humming-birds do not quite succeed in that; but they are the perennial beauty of a land where all the joys of the tropics may be had, with not one of the penalties. Here, as elsewhere, exist all the toils and trials of life. California is not an Eden. But the flowers of the Pacific shore have brightened many a weary woman's monotonous days, added many a new pleasure to infancy, and, perhaps, taught many a new lesson to the *blasé* soul of the wandering victim of life's dregs and bitternesses.

It is a curious country. After you have come away again, this fact will appear to you in strong light, for you may add to all this the immense yield of precious metals which marked California's earlier history, the unique climate of which she is the sole possessor, the profusion and quality of her present products, the energy and talent of her people, the priceless endowment of schools, colleges, asylums, institutes, and organized charities of which she is the possessor, her authors, statesmen and generals, her renowned courts of law, whose decisions are now quoted in every court where English is spoken, her beautiful women and rosy children, her tolerance and her hospitality; recall the scene as a whole as you again turn eastward across scenes only less wonderful, and you will have a conception of the largest progress ever made in thirty-six years in the history of the human race, in the most favored land over which the standard of any country ever floated.









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